TIMECOP

Screenplay by
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TIMECOP

In scratchy, faded color, a TITLE CARD flashes on screen:

EYES ONLY/TOP SECRET
TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT THEORY:
U.S. GOVERNMENT PRODUCTION #43224.

DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE

CUT TO: flickering, washed-out footage of an ELDERLY GERMAN SCIENTIST sitting at a desk. A supered title identifies the man as DR. HANS KLEINDAST.

KLEINDAST
(addressing camera)
To travel into your past. Imagine the possibilities.

Kleindast huddles over a 70's style computer terminal, calculations from the green screen REFLECTING in his coke bottle glasses.

MALE NARRATOR
(stentorian, "Walter Winchell" style)
The first practical research into time travel began in the early 1970's, spearheaded by expatriated German scientist Hans Kleindast.

Kleindast stands at a blackboard, EXPLAINING his theory to a group of his peers. The blackboard shows a crude drawing of a man in a protective, rocket-sled style conveyance being BLASTED through a field of HIGH ENERGY.

MALE NARRATOR
Kleindast theorized that by injecting mass into a powerful field of energy, it was possible to slip the fabric of time.

The scene shifts to the inside of a HYDROELECTRIC DAM. Huge generators WHIR with power inside the thick concrete walls. Scientists have rigged up a PRIMITIVE TIME TRANSPORT mechanism, utilizing the RAW POWER from the internal transformers to creat the energy field.

MALE NARRATOR
The scientists understood that manipulations of the past could ripple into the future, creating a domino effect that could alter or even destroy human kind.

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Kleindast, wearing a bulky motorcycle helmet and strapped into a primitive steel and wire ROCKET SLED, gives the "thumbs up" sign to his crew as he is wheeled toward a set of railroad tracks that run past the MASSIVE ARRAY OF ELECTRICAL TERMINALS.

Raw energy CRACKLES from exposed terminal posts, coruscating across the facility in WAVES of ball lightning.

MALE NARRATOR
Before attempting his first voyage, Dr. Kleindast addressed this paradox, pledging to exercise caution once he arrived at his temporal destination.

Kleindast's rocket sled SPEEDS into the ELECTRICAL FIELD as he continues to give the jaunty "thumbs up" to his waiting crew. As he disappears into the electrical field, his sled begins to waver and GO OFF TRACK.

MALE NARRATOR
Unfortunately, he was killed.
(upbeat)
But soon others followed, and by the late 1980's the United States Government had perfected a viable method of time travel.

The picture DISSOLVES to the Time Enforcement Commission's stylized "Hourglass" badge.

INT. SENATE PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

TITLE: UNITED STATES SENATE PROJECTION ROOM
WASHINGTON, D.C., AUGUST 14, 1995.

While the documentary continues, PAN ACROSS a row of vaguely interested SENATORS and their Aides. The Senate Seal looms in the background, illuminated by the light from the screen.

MALE NARRATOR
(cont. from above)
The top secret Time Enforcement Commission, or T.E.C., protects against unauthorized time travel, securing our future against those who would use time travel for their own gain.

The film ENDS. There's a low murmur of political chit-chat as the politicians file out-- all except youngish Senator AARON MCCOMB. He's been TRANSFIXED by the film.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SENATE PAGE notices McComb as the other Senators file out.

SENATE PAGE
Sir, the briefing is over.
(beat)
Senator McComb? Are you alright?

McComb snaps out of his reverie, following the others outside.

MCCOMB
Never better.

ANGLE - MCCOMB'S WATCH

McComb glances at his watch: 11:59 AM. MATCH DISSOLVE FROM the WATCH FACE to--

EXT. ANTIQUE CLOCK STORE/MALL - DAY

--a fantastic array of CLOCKS, all set at 11:59. Timepieces of all model and description: stately "Grandfathers"; glittering "Anniversaries", gleaming brass "Alarms." Their loud TICKING combines to make a LIQUID, almost LIVING SOUND.

The Antique Clock Shop is incongruously squeezed between a dayglo "Orange Julius" shop and "Mama Mia's Maternity Wear" in a strip mall in downtown WASHINGTON, D.C. The mall is CROWDED with shoppers of all description.

The reflection of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (MELISSA) shimmers in the clock shop's window. She has a faraway look in her eye, as if she's STARING at something JUST OUT OF REACH. She has a drug store "prescription bag" in her hand.

Turning NOON, the clocks in the shop all CHIME AT ONCE. As the RINGING dies down, a MAN'S reflection (MAX WALKER) appears behind Melissa's.

WALKER
Excuse me-- do you have the time?

MELISSA
(glancing at watch)
Yeah, sure-- it's--

She stops SHEEPISHLY. It's a ridiculous question-- she's standing in front of HUNDREDS of clocks.

MELISSA
It's a thousand times 12 o'clock,
Max. And you're late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She STARES at Walker's shimmering reflection, his face FRAMED by the clocks inside the shop.

WALKER
I didn't know you liked clocks.

MELISSA
I don't.
(a smile)
Come here.

Melissa pulls Walker close in a WARM EMBRACE.

MELISSA
I missed you this morning-- didn't even hear you get up.

WALKER
C'mon, Melissa-- cops move like cats. It's something they teach us in the Academy.

As they hug, a KID on ROLLERBLADES skates by, his shoulder-riding radio BLARING OBNOXIOUSLY. ROLLERBLADES spots an ELDERLY WOMAN and skates around her, eyes locked on her large purse. Seeing this over Melissa's shoulder, Walker frowns.

WALKER
Besides, we're married. You're not supposed to "miss" me.

MELISSA
Then I'm all screwed up. Three years and I still love you.

Walker raises a dubious eyebrow at the word "love."

MELISSA
(exasperated)
What?
(beat)
Why do you always think something's wrong when I mention the word "love?"

Walker's eyes NARROW as Rollerblades approaches the elderly woman again.

WALKER
(distracted)
Not always--

He pulls away from Melissa, starting after the skater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALKER
Wait here. I'll be right back.

ANGLE - ROLLERBLADES

Rollerblades comes up behind the old woman and REACHES FOR HER BAG-- just as Walker GRABS the kid's radio arm and spins him to a quick stop.

ROLLERBLADES
Hey!

Walker flashes his Washington P.D. badge.

WALKER
Are you trying to take the romance out of my life?

Rollerblades slowly shakes his head "no."

WALKER
My wife and I are trying to enjoy ourselves. If I drag your ass downtown I'm going to be sleeping on the couch tonight. Broken springs, fuzz leaking from the cushions--
(disgusted)
You don't want that, do you?

Another tenuous "no."

WALKER
Then slow down and quit trying to steal shit.
(releasing him)
And buy some new tapes!

Rollerblades SMILES when he realizes he's not in official trouble. Walker watches him SKATE AWAY--

--and sees TWO MEN (COLE and LANSING) watching him from across the mall. Dressed in long overcoats, they seem totally out of place among the other shoppers.

They turn away as Walker makes eye contact,mingling with the crowd. Suspicious, Walker considers whether he should check them out-- then shakes his head "no."

WALKER
Screw it. It's my day off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE - MELISSA

Melissa shakes her head dubiously as Walker rejoins her.

MELISSA
Always on the job.

WALKER
Or the job's on me. Sometimes I can't tell the difference--

Suddenly, they're BLINDED by a SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT--

WALKER
Hey!

--the FLASH of a CAMERA. Walker and Melissa blink as a strollin PHOTOGRAPHER hands them a developing instant snapshot.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Something for your scrapbook? Three dollars.

WALKER
(blinking)
Can you make a print in Braille? Besides, we don't <u>have</u> a scrapbook.

To Walker's surprise, Melissa PAYS the photographer.

MELISSA
We'll take it anyway.
(off Walker's look)
Three dollars for a good memory. You can't beat the price.

The instant picture slowly DEVELOPS as they continue across the mall. Max and Melissa seem ALONE, somehow separate from the bustle of shoppers and salesmen.

Walker taps Melissa's prescription bag with his finger.

WALKER
So what did the Doctor say?

Melissa doesn't hear, LOST IN THOUGHT.

WALKER
Melissa?

Snapping out of her reverie, Melissa struggles for a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALKER
What are you thinking about?

MELISSA
It's silly-- I--
(beat)
I was just remembering our honeymoon. How it seemed to rain for days--

WALKER
(a smile)
--how it didn't matter. What brought that on?

Melissa pulls Walker close.

MELISSA
We have the afternoon off-- our first free time in weeks--

She holds her hand out, as if checking the weather.

MELISSA
(seductive)
--it feels like rain.

A slow ROY ORBISON song rises, OVERPOWERING the din of the mall as we--

CUT TO:

INT. WALKER HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain falls in SHEETS against the upstairs bedroom window, casting shimmering shadows across a pile of WET CLOTHES and TOWELS. A half empty bottle of Dom Perignon and an incongruous box of Ritz Crackers rest on the bedstand as soft Roy Orbison MUSIC plays in the background.

Max and Melissa are slow dancing in each other's arms. Still wet from the rain, they've slipped on open bathrobes, their bodies TOUCHING in the shadows.

Eyes closed, swaying slowly to the languorous beat, Max kisses Melissa's neck and hands.

MAX
(soft)
You were right about the rain.

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CONTINUED:

Max brushes back Melissa's wet hair, her face almost GLOWING in the shadowy light. He's surprised to see a TEAR falling across her cheek.

WALKER
What's wrong?

MELISSA
I just-- don't want it to stop.

WALKER
Something's bothering you, Melissa. What is it?

MELISSA
(a whisper)
Do you ever think about the future?

Max smiles, brushing his hand across her cheek.

WALKER
I'm happy enough with the here and now.

Trouble, Melissa pulls away from Walker and slides onto the bed, nestling under the covers. The song ENDS, and for a moment there is only rainy silence--

WALKER
(lightening the mood)
Roy Orbison, champagne, crackers in bed-- I get the feeling you're <u>planning</u> something.

Max crawls in beside Melissa, cradling her in his arms. Brushing away tears, she tries to smile.

MELISSA
I wanted it to be special. And I know how much you like crackers.
(weary laugh)
Oh God-- look at me.

WALKER
Shhh. It's alright.

She closes her eyes, resting in Walker's arms. His hand slides between her breasts, pulling open her robe and moving down to the gentle curve of her stomach.

A flicker of EMOTION passes over Melissa's face as she gently SLIDES WALKER'S HAND AWAY. She looks up at him, as if to speak--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--when the PHONE RINGS. Once. Twice. Melissa TENSES UP, each ring like an electric shock.

MELISSA
You're off duty. We're off duty.
(beat)
Let it go.

Walker tries to ignore the phone-- but he can't. He reluctantly grabs the receiver while Melissa GLARES at him from under the covers.

WALKER
(into phone)
This better be good.
(watching Melissa)
What do you mean? Tonight?

Melissa knows where this is going. Furious and hurt, she ties her robe and STORMS OUT OF the bedroom.

WALKER
(frustrated)
Alright. No, no problem. Give me ten minutes.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Now DRESSED in his Washington P.D. uniform, Walker reluctantly comes downstairs. Angry, Melissa waits by the front door.

Oddly, there is a HALF BUILT BIRDHOUSE sitting to one side of the living room, resting on a rumpled bedsheet next to a cardboard box full of wooden parts.

MELISSA
You're leaving.

WALKER
(defensive)
Melissa, you married a cop. Shitty hours, emergency calls--
(beat)
It's my job.

MELISSA
It's your life.

Anger and frustration RISING, Melissa paces the living room.

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MELISSA
What about us?
(frustrated)
Look at you. What was the last book you read?

Walker has no answer. Melissa lifts a thick TEXTBOOK off the living room coffee table.

MELISSA
"Forensic Examination Of Gunshot Exit Wounds-- fully illustrated."
Just the title makes me sick.

She drops it back on the table with a BANG.

MELISSA
When was the last time we went out with friends? Saw a movie?
The last time we just sat home and talked?
(emotional)
Don't go--

Anguished over the decision, Walker hesitates-- then reaches for the door.

MELISSA
The job always comes first, doesn't it?

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Melissa stands FRAMED in the open doorway, tears GLISTENING in her eyes. The storm continues unabated; wind HOWLS through the suburban neighborhood.

ANGLE - MELISSA (IN REARVIEW MIRROR)

Walker pulls away from the house, taking one last glance back in his rearview mirror. Melissa's rain distorted reflection FLASHES across the glass one last time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR/FREEWAY - NIGHT

Walker pulls onto a busy Washington throughway, windshield wipers making a rhythmic THAPTHAPTHAP SOUND against the rain. A truck coming the opposite direction BRIGHT-LIGHTS him and he pulls down the car's sun visor to protect his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
(weary)
Shit.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Walker's police car CRUISES down a Washington throughway.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Switching on his police radio to keep him company, Walker listens to a filtered, FEMALE DISPATCHER'S voice runs down a the litany of calls.

POLICE RADIO VOICE
--report of a male flasher, 350 pounds, at Phoebe's Liquor, corner of 103rd and Washington. Proceed with extreme caution.

Glancing outside to check his position, Walker grabs the patrol car radio.

WALKER
(weary)
This is Walker, unit 1510. I'm three blocks from--

POLICE RADIO VOICE
Unit 1510, hold.

After a moment, a MAN'S VOICE comes on line.

POLICE RADIO (MAN)
Walker, this is Captain Brynn. We've been trying to reach you-- Collins volunteered for your shift.
(beat)
Looks like you have the night off after all.

Annoyed, Walker BANGS the radio down on the dash.

WALKER
And I passed on crackers in bed.

Walker VEERS across three lanes of traffic toward the nearest exit.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Parking at the curb outside his house, Walker steps out into the rain--

--when he HEARS Melissa SCREAM.

ANGLE - SECOND FLOOR

Melissa's anguished face is PRESSED against the second story window, DISTORTED by the falling water. A DARK FIGURE is behind her, his face LOST in the shadows.

WALKER
Melissa!

Walker and Melissa's terrified eyes MEET as a STRANGE BLUE LIGHT begins to FLICKER behind the second story glass.

ANGLE - HOUSE

Walker RUNS to the front door and throws his shoulder into the wood. It HOLDS. Melissa SCREAMS again as Walker RAMS his shoulder into the wood. After a second HIT, the wood SPLINTERS and door is ABOUT TO GIVE--

--when THE HOUSE is rocked by a TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The fiery impact BLOWS the front door off its hinges and into Walker. The door protects Walker from the worst of the BOILING FLAMES, but a splinter of flying glass SLASHES him across the temple.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dazed from his head wound, Walker DRAGS HIMSELF through the rubble and up the burning stairs.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Melissa's body lies sprawled in the smoking wreckage. Walker goes to her, lifting her body in his arms. As the horror of her murder SINKS IN, he turns toward the shattered second story window and SCREAMS INTO THE NIGHT--

MATCH CUT TO:

A MAN'S FACE, staring STRAIGHT UP the side of a tall BRICK BUILDING. He scratches his head, takes a quick glance DOWN, then looks back up again. Slowly pull back to reveal a whole CROWD of HEADS staring into the sky.

TITLE: WALL STREET // OCTOBER 29, 1929

EXT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

The crowd has gathered outside the elegant, art deco facade of THE FLOATBAUER & TRUESDALE BROKERAGE CONCERN. A long, elegant PACKARD LIMOUSINE glides up to the curb and PARKS at the red carpet that leads into the Floatbauer lobby. A quick HONK gets the attention of a tearful DOORMAN.

DOORMAN
G-- good morning, Mr. Atwood.

An elegantly dressed LYLE ATWOOD squints impatiently at the crowd. Atwood's broad shouldered, in his mid-30's, with a course face that belies his apparent wealth. He slides a briefcase from the back of the limo and glances at the doorman.

ATWOOD
What's going on?

DOORMAN
It's Mr. Floatbauer-- he-- he--

At that moment the crowd PARTS, revealing the BROKEN BODY of "Mr. Floatbauer," PANCAKED on the sidewalk in front of the building.

ATWOOD
(unmoved)
Good heavens.

INT. FLOATBAUER BROKERAGE LOBBY - DAY

Tearful secretaries and executives are POURING out of the building as Atwood heads inside, WHISTLING a jocular little tune. An elderly ELEVATOR OPERATOR ("PETE") holds the exclusive "executive car" for Atwood.

ATWOOD
The third jumper since Monday. Hell, Pete, this keeps up and you're going to be out of a job.

PETE
(mordant)
Only going down, Mr. Atwood.

Atwood allows himself a tiny SMILE as Pete slides the elevator door shut and takes his passenger to--

INT. FLOATBAUER BROKERAGE/10TH FLOOR - DAY

The scene on the tenth floor is CHAOTIC. Secretaries WEEP as streams of ticker-tape SPEW across the floor. Atwood strolls through the discord toward his WOOD-PANELLED OFFICE. Atwood's secretary looks up through her tears as he grabs the morning paper off her desk.

SECRETARY
Oh, Mr. Atwood, isn't it just awful?

Distracted, Atwood glances through the newspaper.

ATWOOD
Shit happens. Hold my calls.

INT. ATWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

An old-fashioned console radio plays a scratchy song by an Irish tenor as Atwood steps into his private tenth floor office. Locking the door, Atwood spreads the morning paper across his desk.

ANGLE - NEWSPAPER

The banner headline tells the story: "STOCKS CRASH! WALL STREET IN CHAOS!"

ANGLE - ATWOOD

Smiling at this bleak news, Atwood pops the latches on his briefcase and pulls out a SECOND NEWSPAPER. But something's WRONG.

This paper's printed in vibrant COLOR, and the front page headlines are of a far DIFFERENT caliber: "TOYOTA UNVEILS 2004 MODELS", "CANDIDATE MCCOMB'S POPULARITY FADES", "L.A. SMOG KILLS 40." It's a copy of USA TODAY, dated July 12, 2004!

ANNOUNCER (FROM RADIO)
(weak, tinny signal)
That was the mellifluous voice of Cray McDonough and his Irish--

ATWOOD
Enough.

Atwood switches off the console and slides a "Sony Discman" from his briefcase. He pops a "Geto Boys Play Gershwin" CD into the player and slips on a pair of micro-headphones.

Putting the stock pages of BOTH newspapers side by side, Atwood does a comparison of several KEY STOCKS.

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ANGLE - NEWSPAPERS

1929's AT&T has dropped to 9-- 2004's AT&T quote stands at 137. GE's fallen to 2 in 1929-- but it's pushing 200 in 2004.

ANGLE - ATWOOD

Atwood SAVORS his financial coup, RECLINING in his leather chai as the grinding rap music POUNDS in his ears.

ATWOOD
Screw those skinny ties at the S.E.C.-- this is insider trading!

As he GLOATS, a bizarre ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE begins to ARC on the view side of the office. Blue SPARKS flicker in midair like ethereal BALL LIGHTNING.

Absorbed in his music and stock pages, Atwood doesn't notice the phenomenon until the glow has ENVELOPED one entire wall of the office. His mouth falls open in SHOCK.

ATWOOD
--shit--!

ANGLE - WALL FACING STREET

The blue lightning COALESCES around a 5' by 5' SQUARE of the building's exterior wall. Wide CRACKS created by the power surge begin to form in the brick and mortar, radiating out from the central disturbance and CRUMBLING a hole in the wall itself.

ANGLE - ATWOOD

Suddenly SCARED, Atwood rips off his headphones and grabs his BRIEFCASE. Papers FLY from the open case.

ANGLE - WALL FACING STREET

The ball lightning SOLIDIFIES, taking HUMAN FORM. There's a moment of SILENCE as the blue lightning fades, then Atwood looks up with terrible recognition as a MAN emerges from the ozone haze.

ATWOOD
Walker--!

Swathed in smoke and dust, Walker pulls his service revolver and aims it STRAIGHT BETWEEN ATWOOD'S EYES.

WALKER
Once false move and you're history.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Atwood FREEZES. This futuristic version of Max Walker is nothing like the naive young cop from the Washington mall. Wearing a bullet-proofed leather jacket and a pair of mirrored sunglasses, he's hard as steel. A long-healed SCAR creases his temple and bits of GRAY speckle his regulation brush cut.

ANGLE - INSIDE WALKER'S GLASSES

The inner lenses of Walker's mirrored sunglasses DOUBLE as a personal computer screen. Atwood's biographical information FLICKERS before Walker's eyes.

"ATWOOD, LYLE T. Age 32 // Occupation: T.E.C. Officer // Commendations: None // Demerits: 7/19/03: Insubordination. 10/12/03: Late For Duty. 1/2/04: Late For Duty. 3/12/04: Late For Duty."

ANGLE - OFFICE

Keeping his gun TRAINED on Atwood, Walker moves behind Atwood's desk and studies the dual stock pages.

WALKER
Three "late for duties" and now this. You've graduated to the big time, Lyle.
(beat)
How'd you get back? Who supplied the ride?

Atwood ignores the question.

ATWOOD
Figured you'd pass on this one, Max. Hell, we used to be partners.

WALKER
I used to have the clap, but I don't give speeches bragging about it.

One eye on Atwood, Walker grabs the CD player off the desk and slides it into a carry-pack at his side, then reaches for his cuffs.

ATWOOD
Be smart and they'll cut you in, too. AT&T is going to drop to 4 before this sell-off is over. You know what it's worth in 2004?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALKER
Who cares? I use Sprint.
(beat)
Give it up, Lyle.

Atwood BACKS AWAY from Walker but he DOES NOT release the briefcase.

ATWOOD
It's too late for that now.
(beat)
I-- I don't want to hurt you, Max--

WALKER
(eyes narrowing)
Here's the deal. I can put a bullet in your leg, smash your face and drag you back in pieces--
(moving in)
--or we can do this the hard way.

ANGLE - ATWOOD

Atwood's face SAGS at the threat.

ATWOOD
Job always comes first, doesn't it--

With desperate strength, Atwood suddenly DIVES FOR THE FLOOR, ripping a multi-barrelled HANDGUN from the lining of his briefcase. Walker gets off a shot, but MISSES.

ATWOOD
--fuckin' tough guy.

Atwood OPENS UP with a BARRAGE of semi-automatic fire as Walker DIVES for cover. This is NOT an ordinary shoot-out-- Atwood's firing explosive shells that DETONATE on impact, exploding with the force of small HAND GRENADES!

INT. FLOATBAUER BROKERAGE/TENTH FLOOR - DAY

Atwood's secretary can't help but HEAR the noise inside Atwood' office. She KNOCKS GINGERLY.

SECRETARY
Mr. Atwood--?

SUDDENLY, a huge chunk of the oak door EXPLODES INTO THE OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATWOOD (O.S.)
Stay out!

Atwood's secretary and the other office workers DIVE FOR COVER as gunfire RICOCHETS across the brokerage. PETE, the elderly elevator operator, SHAKES HIS HEAD mournfully as he stands ready at the elevator.

INT. ATWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

The office's expensive furniture literally DISINTEGRATES under the barrage. Tufts of couch stuffing BURST INTO FLAME and the office's elegant wood panelling SPLINTERS like matchsticks.

Atwood's shots are getting CLOSE as Walker ROLLS FOR COVER, returning fire with ineffectual standard shells. Suddenly, an explosive fragment CATCHES WALKER across the top of the head, cutting a furrow across his scalp. He GRUNTS with pain, SPINNING BACK as Atwood's gun CLICKS EMPTY.

TIGHT ANGLE - WALKER

BLOOD seeping from the wound, Walker RISES at the sound of the click.

WALKER
(slow and mean)
That was a six dollar haircut--

Walker holsters his gun, GRABS the U.S.A. Today and CHARGES, catching Atwood with a shoulder to the stomach. The FORCE of the tackle sends BOTH MEN through the HOLE in the side of the building and PLUMMETING toward the street TEN FLOORS below!

EXT. FLOATBAUER OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The twisting, turning bodies FALL TOWARD THE STREET.

ANGLE - BEAT COP/SIDEWALK

A ruddy Irish beat cop LOOKS UP IN HORROR as the two men PLUMME toward the ground. He BACKS AWAY as pedestrians SCREAM IN HORROR, waiting for the inevitable CRUNCH.

But the "crunch" never comes. Atwood and Walker DISAPPEAR IN MIDAIR, DISSOCIATING in a WHIRL of strange BLUE LIGHTNING. The cop just STANDS there, mouth hanging open.

IRISH COP
Mudder o' Mary.

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CONTINUED:

ANGLE - WALKER/FIELDING

Walker has activated the TIME CONTROLLER on his wrist, dragging both men into the time stream. From THEIR point of view, it's as if their 10 story fall has suddenly stopped and the BUILDINGS have started to move.

After a moment, the world of 1929 DISSOLVES AWAY. Walker and Atwood are sucked into the blurring CHAOS of the TEMPORAL TIME STREAM, an ever-changing miasma of LIGHT and COLOR.

INT. T.E.C. HQ/RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

The two men REMATERIALIZE inside a futuristic Time Enforcement Commission "recovery room." The recovery chamber's the size of a double-garage, padded from top to bottom in thick, industrial foam. Max and Atwood CONTINUE the trajectory of the fall as they reappear, hitting the padded floor HARD.

TITLE: TIME ENFORCEMENT COMMISSION: 2004

Before Atwood can get to his feet, a pair of HEAVILY ARMED T.E.C. GUARDS enter the room and CLAMP STEEL RESTRAINTS on Atwood's hands and feet. Atwood STARES FEARFULLY at Max.

ATWOOD
You know what they're going to do to me.

WALKER
You knew before you went back.

Walker hands the crumpled copy of USA TODAY to a guard as they DRAG Atwood away.

WALKER
Book this into evidence, then drop the sports page on my desk.

INT. T.E.C. COURTROOM - DAY

The guards drag Atwood into an old-fashioned Perry Mason-style COURTROOM inside the T.E.C. building. Only there's no jury, no bailiff, no court reporter, no STAFF whatsoever.

Just a single BLACK-ROBED JUDGE, MARSHALL, impanelled behind a raised black dais. The Judge GAVELS the court to order as Walker steps inside, blood still seeping from his head wound.

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CONTINUED:

JUDGE MARSHALL
(imperious)
Officer Walker, you're late.

Still cradling his head wound, Walker gives Marshall a jaundiced, "I had a little TROUBLE" look. Marshall turns his attention toward Atwood, who continues to struggle in the grip of the two T.E.C. officers.

JUDGE MARSHALL
(reading from screen)
Lyle Atwood, you're charged with a violation of T.E.C. code 40.8, sub-section 9. Time travel with intent to alter the future, transportation of transient anachronistic commodities--

Marshall lifts Atwood's gun with two fingers.

JUDGE MARSHALL
(disdainful)
--a CD player, a copy of USA Today and a full auto "Exploder"--
(back to screen)
--and intent to alter temporal events for profit and/or gain. These charges are compounded by your current status as a T.E.C. officer.

ATWOOD
I-- I want a lawyer. I have my rights!

JUDGE MARSHALL
Your civil rights were suspended when you were apprehended by this agency.

ATWOOD
I-- I'll make you a deal--

Sweating, Atwood turns desperately toward Walker.

ATWOOD
Christ, Walker, I saved your ass a dozen times over. L.A. in '98. Chicago '68. Cleveland '43.
(pleading)
Help me-- please--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Walker SHIFTS uncomfortably, his resolve WEAKENING in the face of Atwood's plea.

ATWOOD
We were friends even before the T.E.C. You, me, Melissa--

The mention of Melissa's name hits Walker with almost PHYSICAL impact. His eyes turn HARD AS STEEL. Atwood's voice TRAILS OFF as he sees the change.

WALKER
Melissa's dead.

JUDGE MARSHALL
(curious)
Does this case have any mitigating circumstances we should be aware of, Officer Walker?

Walker FIXES Atwood with a hard stare.

WALKER
None, your honor.

ATWOOD
You cold fuck--!

Raising his eyebrow at the tirade, Marshall POUNDS the dais with his gavel.

JUDGE MARSHALL
Then I find the defendant guilty, the mandatory sentence to be carried out immediately.

The GUARDS surround Atwood and DRAG him toward the door. He struggles in their grip, SCREAMING at Walker.

ATWOOD
You've been an empty suit since Melissa died-- no life, no friends, nothing but this fucking job.
(beat)
You're deader than she is and you don't even know it!

As the guards drag Atwood past, Walker's hand SNAPS OUT and GRABS Atwood by the collar.

WALKER
Guess that puts me one up on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As Walker's words hit home, Atwood's face goes SLACK with fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOATBAUER BROKERAGE HOUSE (1929)

The IRISH BEAT COP stares skyward as two bodies PLUMMET toward the Earth-- then something CHANGES. There is a momentary SWIRL of coruscating BLUE LIGHTNING--

--then suddenly there is only ONE MAN-- ATWOOD-- plummeting at high speed. He IMPACTS with a hollow SPLAT, like a watermelon going off an overpass. The Irish Cop kneels over the body, throwing a newspaper over Atwood's DEAD, STARING EYES.

IRISH COP
Poor bastard-- he threw his whole future away.

HOLD on Atwood's BROKEN BODY, then--

CUT TO:

INT. T.E.C. CORRIDOR - DAY

Pressing a towel to his head wound, Walker pushes down a crowdec corridor inside the T.E.C. headquarters. He passes a bulletin board with a "MCCOMB FOR PRESIDENT IN 2004" campaign sign, casually TEARING the sign down as he pushes through a pair of DOUBLE DOORS leading into the--

INT. T.E.C. SQUADROOM - DAY

Battered wooden desks and squeaky roller chairs clutter the claustrophobic space as telephones RING and computer terminals BEEP insistently. A HUSH falls across the room as Walker enters. The other officers STOP WORK, angry eyes following Walker across the office.

With icy resolve, Walker crosses to his desk. He drops the crumpled McComb poster in a wastecan-- then STOPS.

ANGLE - PHOTOGRAPH

Someone's taken the 1995 "mall" snapshot off Walker's desk and DEFACED IT, scrawling KILLER across Walker's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - WALKER

Slowly, deliberately, Walker CRUMPLES the photo and DROPS it on his desk. Grabbing a blank police report form, Walker's about to leave when a small group of DIGNITARIES enter the squadroom, led by Hispanic T.E.C. SERGEANT EUGENE MARTINEZ.

MARTINEZ
(calling across room)
Walker. Stay put.

Martinez leads a pair of WELL DRESSED POLITICAL TYPES and an AIDE (LAWRENCE) across the squad room.

MARTINEZ
Senator McComb, Senator Nelson, this is Officer Max Walker.

SENATOR FRANK NELSON is from the Teddy Kennedy "liberal" school, with an open, ruddy face and Boston accent.

SENATOR AARON McCOMB has aged a bit since the opening "projection room" scene-- there's a touch of gray in his carefully coiffed hair, giving him the bland, cruel look of a David Duke. A lapel button reads "MCCOMB FOR PRESIDENT IN '04!"

MARTINEZ
(to Max, pointed)
The Senators are considering this year's funding proposal.

WALKER
(to Martinez)
I'm off duty. And my head hurts.

Senator McComb SMILES COLDLY, taking measure of Walker.

MCCOMB
Get Officer Walker some aspirin, Lawrence.

Political Aide LAWRENCE scampers off while McComb catches a glimpse of the crumpled campaign poster in Walker's trash.

MCCOMB
I take it you're not a supporter?

WALKER
(glancing at poster)
I stay out of politics. You ought to try it.

McComb raises an eyebrow at the remark but lets it pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCOMB
The Sergeant briefed us on your last case. It takes a determined man to hunt down another officer-- let alone his ex-partner.

WALKER
Takes a determined man to find a illegal pod and fire himself 80 years back in time.

MCCOMB
(eyes narrowing)
Sergeant "Martinez" was just showing us the facility--

McComb intentionally mispronounces Martinez's name, giving it a hard "American" pronunciation.

MCCOMB
--perhaps you'd join us?

Martinez shoots Walker a fiery "don't you DARE decline" look.

WALKER
(under his breath)
Shit. Why not.

Walker's TOSSES the unfinished forms back on his desk, following Martinez and the others across squad room. Martinez points out the small COMPUTER SCREENS on each officer's desk. The screens flash with coded telemetry information and THOUSANDS OF DATES-- 1810, 1916, 2002, 1932, 1955.

MCCOMB
Explain your operation to me again, Sergeant. In laymens terms.

Walker SMILES at Martinez's discomfort.

WALKER
Yeah. In laymens terms.

MARTINEZ
Well--
(clearing throat)
The techs compare the past to a pool of water. When someone goes back, the disturbance "ripples" across time, like a pebble in a pond.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTINEZ (Cont'd)
(beat)
Our computers cross-reference these ripples, pin-pointing dates and locations. Then we send back officers like Walker--

MCCOMB
(thoughtful)
--to prevent the disruption from happening in the first place.

McComb's fingers PLAY over one of the computer terminals. A logo identifies the machine as a "PARKER GRAPHICS."

MCCOMB
Parker Graphics--
(musing)
Jack Parker and I were partners back in the 90's, you know.

Nelson puts his arm around McComb's shoulder, smiling cynically.

NELSON
The Senator is famous for selling his half of the company just before Parker patented the Cryo-Chip.
(jocular)
How many billion did you lose on that deal, Aaron?

Martinez struggles to suppress a smile-- an effort that does not go unnoticed by Senator McComb.

MCCOMB
(white lipped)
I'm afraid I'll have to cut this short-- I'm due back on the floor.
(glaring at Martinez)
But perhaps I should warn you. As Chairman of the T.E.C. subcommittee, I'm recommending a complete restructuring of your agency's priorities.

Martinez's smile fades.

MCCOMB
(cool)
You're not smiling, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Lawrence finally returns with the aspirin. Walker eats them dry like candy, glaring hard at McComb.

WALKER
What the hell does that mean?

MCCOMB
It "means" targeting the illegal time machines on this end and putting a stop to these high risk excursions into the past.

Martinez SENSES Walker's rising anger and tries to head off the confrontation.

MARTINEZ
Uh, Max, why don't you head back to the squad room? Have a fudgcicle, relax--

McComb raises a hand in protest.

MCCOMB
No-- let him talk.
(beat)
Are you really necessary, Officer Walker?

Walker GLARES at McComb.

WALKER
These time fucks aren't your standard perps. They're got the bucks to put together a temporal sled and they're arrogant enough to risk world history because money just ain't enough.
(pointed)
Seems like a man running for President would understand that mindset.

McComb's eyes narrow at Walker's insult, but otherwise he shows no emotion.

MCCOMB
You're making my recommendation easier by the minute.
(sarcastic)
Thank you for your time.

McComb and Lawrence STORM OUT, leaving Walker, Martinez and Nelson in the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARTINEZ
And this guy's running for President?

NELSON
I wouldn't worry about it. No money, no organization, a platform that makes Hitler look like a reform candidate--
(beat)
Mr. Peanut has a better chance of being elected.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

McComb is pensive as his Government limo SPEEDS through metropolitan Washington. Worried and apprehensive, political aide Lawrence tries to reason with the Senator. A second man, McComb's bodyguard COLE, watches silently.

LAWRENCE
I'm worried about these high profile T.E.C. meetings. At some point they're bound to suspect.

As if he hasn't heard Lawrence, McComb interrupts.

MCCOMB
I'd like to see the file on Officer Walker.

LAWRENCE
Sir, I think that's a mistake--

MCCOMB
(lost in thought)
Everything. Case work, personal life--

LAWRENCE
Accessing Walker's file is just one more link between you and--
(realizes he's being ignored)
Jesus, are you listening to me?

McComb "sees" Lawrence for the first time, eyes narrowing.

MCCOMB
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE
I said, are you listening to--

McComb suddenly SLAPS Lawrence, knocking his glasses across the seat.

MCCOMB
(cold)
I'm listening now.

As Lawrence reels from the blow, McComb backhands him TWICE MORE, HARD. Bodyguard Cole struggles to suppress a cruel SMILE.

MCCOMB
All finished?

Lawrence fumbles for his glasses, nodding weakly.

LAWRENCE
Yessir.

MCCOMB
Good. Now get me Walker's file.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - EVENING

The squad room is empty and quiet as night falls. Sliding behind his desk, Walker drops his sunglasses in a specially designed DOWNLOAD PORT. While a flurry of statistics and coded information rolls across Walker's computer screen, he stares at the crumpled "mall" photograph.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)
Thought you went home.

Martinez sees the crumpled photo on Walker's desk and WINCES empathetically. Walker notices the look and tosses the snapshot into an empty file folder.

WALKER
Someone took exception to my handling of the Atwood case.

MARTINEZ
Then they're assholes. But your life would be a whole lot easier if you'd bend a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Funny. I'm not feeling all that flexible these days.

MARTINEZ
You think you're the only one?

Walker glances up.

MARTINEZ
Ever since McComb angled his way onto the T.E.C. committee he's made everyone's life hell. But he's got his finger on the promotion button, so I handle it.
(ruefully)
Rosa and I were counting on making Captain this year.

The computer screen goes BLANK as the download is completed. Walker grabs the glasses and his files and starts for the door.

WALKER
From the look on McComb's face, the only promotion you'll see this year is when your kid graduates sixth grade.

Martinez shakes his head at Walker's obstinance.

MARTINEZ
What is it with you, Max? What do you want?

Suddenly angry, Walker GRABS the file folder with the snapshot and SHAKES IT in front of Martinez's face.

WALKER
I want this day back.
(beat)
Other than that, I want to be left the fuck alone.

Martinez steps back as Walker pushes away from his desk and STORMS out of the squad room.

EXT. T.E.C. STATION - EVENING

The T.E.C.'s housed in an anonymous, dilapidated brick building near downtown Washington, surrounded by a squalid hodgepodge of tenements and neon liquor stores.

CONTINUED:

Still angry, Walker BANGS through the station's secured double doors, the noise of the street hitting him like a sledgehammer. Across the street is a BILLBOARD for Senator McComb's Presidential bid. Walker takes a drag on a cigarette, studying the sign.

McComb's face is SWADDLED in the American flag, next to his blunt campaign slogan: "SENATOR AARON MCCOMB FOR PRESIDENT: THIS YEAR, YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE!"

WALKER
(tossing butt)
He is a prick.

INT. SQUAD CAR - EVENING

Walking across the T.E.C. parking lot, Walker slides behind the wheel of his squad car and reclines against the headrest.

WALKER
(eyes closed)
Home.

The car's AUTOMATIC GUIDANCE COMPUTER CLICKS ON. Walker's current location and his preprogrammed "home" destination blink on a computer screen as the car automatically pulls into traffic.

As the squad car winds through the city, Walker's police scanner broadcasts the sad litany of URBAN VIOLENCE circa 2004. The dispatcher is no longer human; she's been replaced by a robotic, synthesized voice.

Walker cradles his head against the headrest, closing his eyes.

POLICE SCANNER
("robot" voice)
Cars in the vicinity of 3rd and Grover, we have a 211, man with a gun. Three dead, one officer down, proceed with extreme caution.

Without opening his eyes, Walker CLICKS OFF the police scanner and switches to a CIVILIAN STATION. As a song FADES OUT, a butter-smooth Casey Kasem-style disc jockey cuts in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER
(smooth)
That was the cool sound of Body Count and "Cop Killer", a golden oldie from 1992.
(beat)
Coming up next, one of my favorite 90's soft hits-- Sonic Youth and "Shoot."

The Sonic Youth song begins to GRUNGE through the car speaker as Walker makes himself comfortable for the ride home. He leans back and CLOSES HIS EYES.

Contrary to the police reports, the Washington of 2004 is not a terrible place. People go about their daily business, shopping, jogging, laughing-- the smorgasbord of urban life. Locked inside his patrol car, his eyes closed, Walker MISSES IT ALL as he drifts into a TROUBLED SLEEP.

TIME CUT TO:

Suddenly there's a loud BANG! Walker SNAPS AWAKE with a START, his hand automatically going for his GUN.

WALKER
Huh--?

It's not a gunshot; his car has HIT a pothole. The Sonic Youth song is long over, the radio riddled with early evening STATIC.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Walker's car pulls into a DILAPIDATED APARTMENT COMPLEX. The building is RINGED with chain-link and the windows have been protected with reinforced iron bars. More like a prison than a home, Walker's squad car DISAPPEARS into the dark parking garage under the building.

INT. WALKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is small, barren. The front door opens with the BEEP of a card key and Walker steps inside. A talking answering machine, obviously programmed to "speak" when the door is opened, sounds out.

ANSWERING MACHINE
(mechanical)
Hello. You have no messages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walker drops his jacket over a chair and tosses the case files on a desk. The photograph of MELISSA flutters to the floor.

Walker retrieves the picture, staring at the crumpled image. Lost in thought, he puts the photo back on the desktop and pulls open the desk's bottom drawer. The drawer is cluttered with papers and old files. Walker rummages through the junk, finding a DUSTY VIDEOTAPE at the bottom.

ANGLE - COUCH/TELEVISION SET

Pouring himself a tall glass of bourbon, Walker eases back on the couch and remotes on his video tape player. After a moment, a large FLAT SCREEN television flickers to life.

ANGLE - SCREEN

In handheld "homevideo" style, the tape shows MELISSA in a moment from their OLD LIFE. A TIME AND DATE STAMP in the corner of the screen reads "11/15/94 6:20PM."

Smiling and dressed in an oversized leather "workman's smock", Melissa is spreading a bedsheet across the living room rug of their OLD HOUSE.

WALKER (O.S.)
(kidding)
I can't believe you're finally doing it.

Melissa flattens the sheet down, mock-petulant as she straightens the corners.

MELISSA
And I don't need any of your advice!

Moving to get a better angle, Walker walks in front of the living room mirror and manages to catch a quick shot of himself operating the video camera.

He turns the camera back to Melissa as she holds up a box that says "HOME BIRDHOUSE KIT. EASY TO ASSEMBLE!" The photo on the box shows an elaborate wooden birdhouse, complete with happy, whistling Tweety-birds inside.

WALKER (O.S.)
You won't hear a word. Not a peep.

MELISSA
Very funny.

She points to the photo on the box and SMILES for the camera.

CONTINUED: (2)

MELISSA
It's going to look exactly like this when I'm finished.

With that, Melissa spills the pieces of the birdhouse kit across the bedsheet. It seems like THOUSANDS of tiny pieces fall from the box as Melissa unfolds the "easy instructions" once, twice, three times, FOUR times-- they're as big as a tablecloth!

Melissa's eyes go comically WIDE as she contemplates the task before her.

WALKER
Are you sure you wouldn't like me to--

MELISSA
I can do it.
(reading instructions)
"Step One: Have a cup of coffee. Take your time. Relax."

WALKER (O.S.)
Zen instructions. Maybe you're supposed to build it under a pyramid.

Melissa glances seductively toward the camera.

MELISSA
Well, we'd better do this right.

Melissa reaches back and UNTIES the workman's apron, tossing it across the floor.

WALKER (O.S.)
(mock innocent)
Want me to make the coffee?

Smiling, Melissa reaches out for Walker. Walker sets the camera on it's side-- STILL RUNNING-- and steps into frame, embracing Melissa as they fall backward and OUT OF FRAME onto the bedsheet.

ANGLE - WALKER/APARTMENT

The light from the video flickering across the apartment, Walker SIPS his bourbon and stares at the screen.

WALKER (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Make sure you have all the pieces before you start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MELISSA (O.S., ON VIDEO)
(giggling)
I'll just find part "A" and work from there.

In sharp contrast to the light banter of the video, Walker is quiet, his eyes liquid with Melissa's memory. He refills his glass as the video PLAYS INTO THE NIGHT.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Smoke from an early morning trash fire DRIFTS in front of the building as a T.E.C. patrol car PULLS UP and PARKS. A young, FEMALE T.E.C. officer-- SARAH FIELDING-- steps from the car. *Fielding's in her mid-twenties, attractive, with her hair pulled* back in a pony-tail that makes her look younger than her years.

She kneels down in front of the patrol car's side mirror and STRAIGHTENS her sunglasses. Her uniform is IMMACULATE.

FIELDING
(mumbling to herself)
Strong first impression. Don't let him back you down.

Satisfied with her appearance, she turns toward the gated front entrance, only to see a LITTLE GIRL-- three or four years old-- *CRYING INCONSOLABLY* on the front steps.

Fielding tries to IGNORE the little girl, but something inside won't let her.

FIELDING
(with a sigh)
What's the matter?

The little girl continues crying as Fielding checks the street for "significant others." No one. Sighing, Fielding LIFTS the little girl and carries her into the apartment complex.

FIELDING
(soothing)
It's okay-- it's okay.
(to herself)
Great.

INT. WALKER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Slivers of sunlight wash through a set of dirty Venetian blinds throwing slit shadows across Walker's apartment. Walker's asleep on the couch, a half empty bottle of bourbon perched on the arm

The TV-- left on all night-- is tuned to one of the morning talk shows, where Senator McComb discusses his Presidential campaign

ANGLE - TELEVISION

McComb's wearing an earphone, speaking on "remote" from a Washington campaign stop. His aides are gathered around him, INCLUDING a chastened LAWRENCE, who struggles to conceal his black eye behind a pair of dark glasses.

MCCOMB
--why should I believe the polls when I see the truth with my own eyes? The people are with me, Bryant-- that's all that counts.

TALK SHOW HOST
So you plan to continue your campaign, even in the wake of today's New York Times/Sumitomo poll that shows you with less than 6% of the vote?

McComb manages a thin smile.

MCCOMB
Of course.
(beat)
I still have a few tricks up my sleeve.

ANGLE - WALKER

Walker's eyes suddenly POP OPEN as someone BANGS at the apartment door. The knocks sound like EXPLOSIONS inside the tiny apartment.

FIELDING
(muffled door)
Officer Walker?

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Walker JERKS the apartment door open in mid-knock, revealing Officer Fielding. She has a harried, "so much for first appearances" look; the little girl has managed to KNOCK Fielding's sunglasses askew and THROW UP on her jacket. And the tyke is STILL bawling!

CONTINUED:

FIELDING
(struggling with girl)
I'm Officer Sarah Fielding-- I--

Walker BLINKS at the sight.

WALKER
What the hell--?

Walker SLAMS the door shut. FIELDING raises her hand to KNOCK again but thinks twice.

FIELDING
(loud, through door)
I was sent by Sergeant Martinez. They've picked up a phase four alert.

After a moment, the door slowly REOPENS.

WALKER
Tell Eugene I don't need an escort--
(eying baby)
--or a baby-sitter.

Chagrinned over her disheveled appearance, Fielding struggles to keep her cool.

FIELDING
I'm not exactly an "escort"-- I--

Fielding's voice TRAILS OFF as Walker wanders back inside, leaving the door open but otherwise ignoring her.

INT. WALKER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Fielding follows Walker into the apartment and sets the little girl on the floor. She STOPS CRYING and smiles at Walker.

LITTLE GIRL
Daddy?

Fielding's eyebrows go up in surprise.

FIELDING
She's yours?

Walker reaches for the telephone, punching in a number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Sometimes it feels that way.
(into phone)
Doris, wake up-- Emmy got through the gate again. Yeah, she's with me.

He hangs up and glances at Fielding.

WALKER
Kid calls every man over fourteen "Daddy." It's that kind of neighborhood.
(beat)
Have you seen my pants?

While Walker looks for his pants in a pile of laundry behind the couch, Fielding pulls a towel off the refrigerator door and sponges the vomit off her jacket.

FIELDING
(trying to get back on track)
I-- I just wanted to say that it's an honor to meet you. I've studied your case files-- I'd say you're the best cop on the squad.

WALKER
I'd say you've got too much time on your hands.
(pulling on pants)
Haven't seen you around before. What are you? Gene's new secretary? Off-duty meter maid?

FIELDING
(stiffening)
I just graduated from the T.E.C. training section.

WALKER
And where were you before that?

FIELDING
Uniformed officer, Denver P.D.--
(embarrassed)
--traffic division.

Walker reaches for his boots.

WALKER
Fucking meter maid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Fielding was obviously hoping to keep this "cordial", but Walker's attitude finally gets to her.

FIELDING
Officer Walker, are you trying to make me mad?

Walker cinches up the laces on his boots, giving Fielding a blank look as he starts toward the door.

WALKER
If I were trying you'd be pulling your piece by now.

It takes Fielding a second to realize they're leaving. Reaching the door, she squeezes past Emmy's mother DORIS, a sleepy-eyed prostitute wearing a pajama top and incongruous high heels.

DORIS
(spacey)
Thanks for watching her, Mr. Walker.

WALKER
(over his shoulder)
You've got to keep an eye on her, Doris--
(beat)
There's some milk and bread in the fridge-- take whatever you need.

Doris lifts Emmy to her shoulder, teetering on her heels.

DORIS
C'mon, baby--

Still wiping baby puke from her jacket, Fielding can't help but admire Walker's casual kindness.

CUT TO:

INT. SERGEANT MARTINEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Martinez, his face purple with rage, waves a piece of paper as he BELLOWS at an suit-and-tie administrator named CHANEY.

MARTINEZ
What the hell is this shit, Chaney? No more office supplies? Period?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANEY
You got the budget report-- McComb's chopped our funding to the bone.
(waves paper memo)
It's a paperless, computer society, Gene-- didn't you get my memo?

Ignoring the argument, Walker strolls into Martinez's office, SLAMMING the door in Sarah Fielding's face. Taking a seat across from Martinez's desk, Walker casually lights up a cigarette.

Martinez is incredulous as he continues his argument with Chaney.

MARTINEZ
I just want pencils, Chaney! My people want pencils!

CHANEY
(exasperated)
For Christ's sake, what do they need them for?

WALKER
(laconic)
You ever try to scratch your ass with a keyboard?

Chaney throws his hands into the air and retreats from the office, SLAMMING the door in Fielding's face AGAIN as Martinez GLARES at Walker.

MARTINEZ
Just walk right in. Door's always open.

Walker nods, leaning back and putting his feet on the edge of Martinez's desk.

WALKER
I thought I had the day off.

MARTINEZ
I downloaded your visual report last night. That was quite a job you did on Atwood.

Walker takes this as a surprise compliment.

WALKER
Well, I--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTINEZ
(suddenly angry)
Just what in hell did you think you were doing up there?

Walker STIFFENS. Martinez PUNCHES A BUTTON on his desktop monitor and brings up a sunglasses-eye POV of Walker's encounte with Atwood.

MARTINEZ
(reading report)
"Took suspect out of building and re-entered time stream to effect arrest--"

ANGLE - MONITOR

In a fish-eye CLOSE-UP, we see Walker's POV of the PLUNGE from the tenth story window. Martinez FREEZES the image in mid-flight.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)
Freeze it.

ANGLE - MARTINEZ

MARTINEZ
Falling out of a tenth story window isn't good police work. It's attempted suicide.

WALKER
So I forgot my bungee cord. I made the fucking arrest.

Martinez SLAPS Walker's report on his desk.

MARTINEZ
It's how you made it that worries me.
(sarcastic)
How's the home life, Max? Making friends? Been seeing anyone "special?"

WALKER
I was banging Princess Di when your "Miss Fielding" interrupted--
(cold)
What the hell do you care?

Martinez punches the intercom on his desk, switching on a desktop SPEAKER PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTINEZ
Send her in.

Walker looks over his shoulder toward the door, curious who "her" is.

MARTINEZ
This is what it's about. From now on you play by the rules. That means regulation attire, proper police procedure--

Martinez crosses around his desk and KICKS Walker's feet to the floor.

MARTINEZ
--feet off my desk, and a partner.

Before Walker can PROTEST, there's a tenuous KNOCK at Martinez's office door.

MARTINEZ
Come in.

The door swings open, revealing Officer Sarah Fielding waiting outside. Martinez notes the dumbfounded expression on Walker's face.

MARTINEZ
(to Fielding)
Didn't you tell him?

FIELDING
He didn't give me the--

Walker SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT in Sarah's face-- AGAIN-- and turns toward Martinez.

WALKER
Are you out of your mind? She's got a pony tail!

MARTINEZ
I don't care if she wears a fucking mohawk-- as long as she keeps you from doing what you've been trying to do ever since your wife died.

Walker's face TIGHTENS at Melissa's name as Fielding pushes open the Captain's door for the SECOND time. She makes a point of WEDGING HER FOOT against the jamb, blocking the door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FIELDING
(obviously annoyed)
May I come in? Finally?

Walker's about to say something when there's a loud BUZZ from Martinez's intercom.

MARTINEZ
What?

VOICE (INTERCOM)
That broad band disturbance just notched up to level six.
(scared)
Think you'd better get down here, Sarge.

Fielding's eyes go WIDE at the mention of a "level six."

FIELDING
(quiet)
My God.

INT. T.E.C. LAUNCH FACILITY - DAY

While technicians busy themselves with their calculations, Walker and Fielding follow Martinez into the main T.E.C. MONITORING CHAMBER. A huge, "war room" style board looms overhead, luminescent green on black.

But instead of a world map, this board displays the concentric series of slowly undulating WAVES that MARK the time stream. The temporal waves are like the rings of a tree trunk-- each "ring" is a marker for a specific point in time. Superimposed lettering identifies each individual wave's time period-- 1860-- 1910-- 1935-- 1960-- 1968-- 1975--

MARTINEZ
What have we got, Ricky?

A freckle faced red-head who looks all of fourteen, RICKY glances up from his COMPUTER SCREEN. Tacky glamour photos of young BIKINI GIRLS are pasted all over his work station.

RICKY
The stream's rippling like a son of a bitch. The big board looks like a set off Malibu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky's a computer nerd, the kind of guy who's more comfortable with numbers than human beings. Using a computer "mouse", Ricky manipulates an electronic pointer on the launch room's wall sized temporal board. The pointer SLIDES OVER to 1995.

MARTINEZ
It's close.

Ricky uses the pointer to show the progress of the "temporal wave" as it moves through time toward 2004.

RICKY
Yeah. The first wave's already eighteen months down the time line-- we've got maybe seven hours before it hits us in 2004.

Fielding stares at the screen in nervous AWE.

FIELDING
Look at the size of it.

WALKER
(to Ricky)
How close can you get us?

RICKY
It's localized to D.C. I can drop you within twenty minutes of the first wave, but physical mapping's a bitch. I'll try not to put you inside a cement truck.
(raising eyebrow)
You're going back again? Twice in two days?

WALKER
I need the overtime.

Ricky glances at Fielding, who's been standing back through all this. He has the look of a sex-starved kid whose entire sex-lif is lived through his subscription copies of Playboy.

RICKY
(suddenly friendly)
Who's this?

MARTINEZ
Officer Sarah Fielding. Walker's partner on this trip.

Fielding looks sarcastically at Ricky's bikini-babe pictures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIELDING
I was admiring your photo collection.

Too socially inept to be embarrassed, Ricky grins at the "compliment."

RICKY
Really? I've got more at home!

Martinez shakes his head incredulously, then GLARES at Walker.

MARTINEZ
I want to see a dust-off in twenty minutes. Let's move it.

As Walker and Fielding LEAVE, Ricky turns back to his screen, shaking his head incredulously.

RICKY
Walker with a partner.
(shrugging)
Better buy a jacket. I guess hell did freeze over.

INT. T.E.C. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Walker and Fielding SUIT UP while a group of TENSE TECHNICIANS calibrate their wrist-mounted TIME CONTROLLERS. A REED-THIN TECHNICIAN begins to read the "RULES OF TIME TRAVEL" with the forced enthusiasm of a stewardess giving seat belt instructions.

WALKER
(to skinny tech)
Hey, Lou. How's the diet coming?

The skinny technician IGNORES the diet crack, holding up one of the wrist-watch style TIME CONTROLLERS.

SKINNY TECHNICIAN
You know the drill, so shut up and listen.
(very official)
Your controller is your only access back into the time stream.

He pops open the protective face of the device, revealing a small LCD date-clock and a RED BUTTON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKINNY TECHNICIAN
(fast, clipped)
The red button reactivates the stasis field. The "gravity" of the time stream will automatically return you to the present--

WALKER
(sardonic)
--so please make sure your tray table's been returned to the upright position and enjoy the flight.

FIELDING
(withering)
I'm trying to listen.

Walker and the skinny technician exchange knowing "what the hell, she's new" glances.

SKINNY TECHNICIAN
Keep all past contacts to a minimum. You're being sent to quell a disturbance, not create fifty more.
(beat)
Most important, same matter cannot occupy same space. You are forbidden to initiate contact with extra-temporal versions of yourself--

FIELDING
(reciting)
--"because physical contact may result in a total temporal meltdown."
(off Walker's look)
I, uh, memorized the handbook.

SKINNY TECHNICIAN
(slapping down clipboard)
Well, hell, why didn't you tell me? I could have saved the trip!

Faking a snit, the technician gives Walker a surreptitious "I'm enjoying this" wink and leaves the prep area. Walker snaps open his holster and starts toward a gun rack across the room.

WALKER
That was a smooth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIELDING
(after a moment)
You don't like me, do you?

WALKER
I don't know you well enough not to like you. But there's still ten minutes to launch.

Temper finally reaching the boiling point, Fielding takes a ste back.

FIELDING
Then I'd better hurry.
(beat)
I'm 24, single, with a B.A. in Urban Studies and a minor in Law Enforcement. I commute from Arlington, hate cats, cry at corny movies and obviously enjoy a much fuller sex life than you or anyone involved in this mission.
(beat)
That enough? Or should I have the front office fax down my dental charts?

A tiny smile of respect flickers across Walker's face as he walks across the prep room to a well stocked GUN RACK.

FIELDING
(still mad)
I'm not too thrilled over this partner thing, either.
(under her breath)
I heard what happened to Atwood.

Walker's respectful smile DISAPPEARS.

WALKER
(turning sharply)
Yeah? What'd you hear?

Fielding's uncomfortable-- she knows she's hit a sore spot-- but stands her ground.

FIELDING
That-- that he was a friend, but you went after him anyway.

WALKER
He crossed the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FIELDING
That doesn't mean you had to volunteer for the job.

There's more than anger in Walker's voice-- there's a hint of ANGUISH and EMOTIONAL PAIN.

WALKER
He broke the law-- he went back for himself. Nobody has that right-- you, me, anyone.
(beat)
Yeah, Atwood used to be my partner, but that doesn't change shit.

FIELDING
(determined)
Well I'm not Atwood. I think it's only fair you give me a chance.

Walker STOPS IN HIS TRACKS, assessing Fielding critically.

WALKER
I'm giving you a chance to back out before we both get hurt.

Fielding BLINKS a couple of times, then pulls a revolver off the rack and tucks it under her belt.

FIELDING
Some of the others said you were hard to like.
(blandly sarcastic)
I don't know what they could have been thinking about.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Fully equipped, Walker and Fielding march down a NARROW WHITE CORRIDOR like NASA astronauts preparing for a launch. White-coa TECHNICIANS help them with their equipment.

One of the technicians STARES at Fielding and WHISPERS to a co-worker.

TECHNICIAN
(whispering)
She looks just like the Vollmers!

Jittery already, Fielding PICKS UP on the nervous looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIELDING
Why's everyone so nervous?

WALKER
Techies tend to get hincky around a launch. Besides, you do look like the Vollmer twins.

FIELDING
Who?

They arrive at a sealed BLAST DOOR and wait for the technicians to punch a security code into the computerized lock-pad.

FIELDING
Who are the Vollmer twins!?

Walker only smiles as the blast door SLIDES OPENS with the grinding SOUND of steel on steel.

INT. LAUNCH BAY - DAY

They enter the T.E.C. launch bay, an impossibly long, tunnel-like room BRISTLING with electrical equipment. Heavy RAILROAD TRACKS run down the center of the room.

A small, car-sized CHRONOS LAUNCH POD has been rolled into position at the top of the tracks. A smokey trail of LIQUID OXYGEN hisses from the pod's Apollo-sized ROCKET MOTOR. Large red signs behind the pod read FLAMMABLE, EXTREME DANGER, NO SPARK OR OPEN FLAME.

Grinning, Ricky glances up from his pre-launch trajectory screen.

RICKY
Anybody got a cigarette?

TECHNICIAN #1
(up from screen)
We're green for launch!

ALL EYES focus on Walker and Fielding as they climb into the claustrophobic pod and belt themselves in for the ride.

INT. POD - DAY

Determined not to show any sign of weakness, Fielding FLINCHES when she realizes her hand is TREMBLING. As the pod's heavy steel hatch is RATCHETED into place, she forces herself to calm down, concentrating on the task at hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A small porthole gives her a clear view of the launch-way and the huge electrical PYLONS that spark downline. Walker flips a communications switch, filling the pod with a loud cacophony of TECHNICAL VOICES.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
T-minus 60 seconds to launch.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Finish fueling and clear the track, boys.

The launch track doesn't continue indefinitely; it ends a hundred yards down in a FLAT CONCRETE WALL. The bricks are scorched and BLACK.

FIELDING
(nervous to Walker)
I ran dozens of simulated launches in training, but I never noticed that wall before.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
T-minus 45 seconds.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Time sequencer start.

ANGLE - TRACKS/ELECTRICAL CONDUITS

Technicians in protective BLAST SUITS pull down a series of enormous electrical switches. As the building's lights DIM, the electrical pylons encompassing the railroad tracks begin to SPARK and GLOW with huge, arcing BOLTS of energy. Blue sparks SPIT over the tracks, creating a dense POWER FIELD.

TECHNICIAN VOICE (O.S.)
Powering up field.

ANGLE - OUTSIDE POD

A pair of large, rotating GYRO ARMS slide down from the ceiling and LOCK into place over the pod. The arms begin to SPIN around the stationary pod like a child's gyroscope gone wild, picking up speed as the countdown continues.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Gyro arms locked and set.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Ten seconds to polarity.

INT. CONTROL AREA - DAY

Watching from a shielded control booth, Sergeant Martinez and Ricky keep a watchful eye on a pair of medical EKG screens that monitor Fielding and Walker inside the pod.

MARTINEZ
How do we look?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY
Fielding's pulse is pushing 140 and her B.P. could inflate a bicycle tire.
(incredulous)
I'd shake Walker to make sure he's still awake.

MARTINEZ
He's awake.

INT. POD - DAY

Walker's eyes are OPEN, staring down the track as the countdown continues. The rotating gyro arms WHIP around the pod at insane speed, a build-up of energy SIZZLING through the air.

MISSION CONTROL
T-minus 20-- 19--

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Ricky and Martinez continue to monitor the medical read-outs.

MARTINEZ
They say it helps to concentrate on something from your past during a launch.

INT. POD - DAY

Buffeted by the forces rocking the pod, Fielding reaches into her pocket and slides out a tiny, wallet sized photo of a FAMILY-- Mom, Dad, a young boy. She wedges the photo into the control panel, staring at it with laser-like intensity.

MARTINEZ (V.O.)
(cont. from above)
Gives you focus-- something to cling to.

ANGLE - WALKER

Move in TIGHT on Walker's face, the concentration on his face DEEP and EMOTIONAL.

RICKY (V.O.)
What do you suppose Walker remembers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTINEZ (V.O.)
He used to be married, you know.
(beat)
Maybe he's thinking about her.

ANGLE - FIELDING

As the gyro arms rotate at dizzying speed, Fielding breaks the silence inside the pod.

FIELDING
Have-- have they ever lost a pod during launch?

Fielding's question breaks Walker's silent concentration.

WALKER
Ask the Vollmers.

FIELDING
I'd love to. Where are they?

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
7-- 6-- 5--

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
We've got polarity!

Walker NODS HIS HEAD toward the far end of the tracks and that OMINOUS CONCRETE WALL.

WALKER
See those two red spots?

Fielding squints, her face goes SLACK as she UNDERSTANDS what happened to "the Vollmer twins." She's still STARING at those distant red spots when--

MISSION CONTROL (O.S.)
Ignition!

INT. LAUNCH ROOM - DAY

The rotating gyro arms SWING BACK as the ROCKET MOTOR behind the Chronos pod EXPLODES with fire. Boiling flames fill the back of the room as the pod BLASTS down the rails, straight into the coruscating electrical power field.

INT. POD - DAY

The G-force THROWS Fielding and Walker back into their seats, their skin RIPPLING from the pressure. As the pod ENTERS the energy field, blue electric energy DANCES across Fielding and Walker like hot fire.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Ricky glances up as the EKG traces begin to FADE AWAY.

RICKY
They're fading!

INT. POD - DAY

Still rocketing at impossible speed, Walker and Fielding begin to MELT into the time stream. Their flesh DISSOLVES to raw, tau MUSCLE, then empty BONE.

The pod ROCKETS toward the battered retaining wall. Straining against the G-force, a skeletal Fielding SCREAMS as the pod NEARS CONTACT.

FIELDING
(rising SCREAM)
--aaaHHH--

Suddenly, from the point of view of Fielding and Walker, the pod STANDS STILL while the electrical pylons and tracks CONTINU TO MOVE. The pod evaporates through the retaining wall in a BURST of BLUE LIGHTNING.

They've entered the TIME STREAM. The pod is BUFFETED by the swirling CURRENTS of energy that form the FABRIC of time. Movin at bone rattling speed, Fielding struggles to stay conscious. As her eyes droop, there is a THUNDEROUS, SONIC-BOOM CRACK of sound as the pod DISSOLVES AWAY--

Suddenly, Walker and Fielding are PLUMMETING UNCONTROLLABLY as bits and fragments of "the real world" coalesce around them, like an unseen hand adding pieces to some enormous, unfinished jigsaw puzzle.

And then, in a blur of blue light, the "puzzle" is completed and they MATERIALIZE--

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

--underwater!

After a moment, the water pressure FORCES both Walker and Fielding to the surface. Fielding GASPS for air while Walker looks around, realizing they've landed on the dockside of a mid-city WAREHOUSE DISTRICT.

WALKER
(spitting water)
Nice shot, Ricky.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER/SHORE - DAY

Soaking wet and bedraggled from the swim to shore, Fielding wrings out her uniform and doublechecks her pack while Walker slips on his glasses and voice activates the internal computer.

FIELDING
So much for a dry run.
(beat)
Where are we?

Walker takes a deep breath, nose wrinkling at the odor.

WALKER
Nothing smells like the Potomac.
(into glasses)
Give me a date and a grid.

ANGLE - READ-OUT INSIDE SUNGLASSES

A date and a GRID-STYLE MAP marked WASHINGTON D.C./1995 appears inside the lens.

WALKER (O.S.)
Sunday, May 12, 1995.
(beat)
Locate us and give me a route to the nexus of the disruption.

A small RED LINE appears on the internal map, drawing a "course" for Walker to follow.

ANGLE - WALKER

WALKER
We're close. It's about a mile that way.

Fielding stands motionless on the shore, staring at the black water where they first landed. Her face is DARK and TROUBLED.

WALKER
If you're thinking about "home", forget it. It doesn't even exist yet.
(beat)
Better get moving.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

The warehouse district is Sunday-quiet as Walker and Fielding make their way toward the temporal disruption. Fielding's still getting her bearings when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Was that your family?

Fielding looks over.

FIELDING
What?

WALKER
The picture in the pod.

Fielding's wary, afraid this is leading to another sarcastic crack.

FIELDING
My sister's, from Colorado.
(beat)
The boy's name is Benjamin. I used to take him out weekends when I was with the Denver P.D.

Walker waves sarcastically at their surroundings.

WALKER
You left family for this?

Fielding sighs ruefully.

FIELDING
Actually, it was <u>because</u> of them.

WALKER
I don't get it.

Hesitating, Fielding tries to find the words.

FIELDING
My sister, Benjamin-- they have a <u>future</u>.
(staring at Walker)
When they briefed us-- explained how changing the past could destroy everything coming after-- I knew I didn't want them to lose that.

Walker continues walking. Any emotion he's feeling is HIDDEN behind his sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIELDING
(delicate)
You started your career with the Washington P.D., didn't you? Why did you transfer in.

WALKER
My wife always wanted me off the street. Maybe I did it for her.

Fielding raises an eyebrow at the idea of Walker doing ANYTHING to appease someone else.

FIELDING
She must be a special woman.

His face TIGHTENS at the mention of Melissa.

WALKER
Not so you'd notice. Never even had her name in the paper until she died.

FIELDING
(stunned)
I-- I'm sorry.

WALKER
Guess you skipped that part of the file.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

FIELDING
Do you ever think about-- about going back and--

WALKER
Never. Never.

Walker's pained expression belies his emphatic answer.

WALKER
What's done is done. That's the only way it can be.
(drifting)
There's no such thing as a second chance-- not even for her.

Walker suddenly STOPS. Following the grid inside the lens of his mirrored glasses, Walker nods toward a small GARAGE at the end of the block. Junker cars and old tires litter the front parking lot.

EXT. PARKER GRAPHICS GARAGE - DAY

A painted sign over the roll-up door identifies the place as "HUDSON AUTOMOTIVE." In smaller letters, someone's added "PARKER GRAPHICS: ESTAB. 1994". An incongruous BLACK LIMO with SENATE PLATES is parked amidst the junkers.

FIELDING
The Parker Graphics?
(wide-eyed)
They really did start in the back of a garage.

In her eagerness-- and nervousness-- to "get the job done", Fielding pulls her gun and STARTS toward the garage. Walker GRABS her, holding her back.

WALKER
Jesus-- we're trying to prevent the disruption, not make it worse.

FIELDING
(taking a breath)
Okay. Sorry.

Fielding starts toward the back of the garage.

WALKER
Take the back and wait for my signal.
(as she goes)
And-- be careful, goddamnit.

Touched-- if puzzled-- by Walker's concern, Fielding moves around the back of the garage.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR/GARAGE

Walker moves to the front door. A large CLOSED sign hangs inside the glass, but the door's AJAR. Sliding out his gun, Walker pushes into a tiny INNER OFFICE. He can hear LOUD VOICES ARGUING just on the other side of the office wall.

PARKER (O.S.)
--I don't need any more partners!

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
We need financial backing to move into the mainframe market. Don't fuck with me on this, Parker!

PARKER (O.S.)
Your "Mr. Senator" act doesn't impress me. I don't take orders from you.

INT. GARAGE/"FRONT OFFICE" - DAY

The computer company and auto repair business SHARE the tiny space. Boxes of computer chips and circuit boards vie for room beside radiator hoses and fan belts.

Scattered across the front desk are a series of SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS for a new design of COMPUTER "CRYO-CHIP." The words EXPERIMENTAL and PROTOTYPE have been STAMPED across the drawings in bright red.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Then buy me out or protect my investment. Put up or shut up, Jack.

Walker moves toward the VOICES. The outer office opens into the main garage-- Walker PEEKS inside.

PARKER (O.S.)
I think I'll put up.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

JACK PARKER-- a young but balding engineer type-- storms across the makeshift garage/computer manufacturing plant, grabbing a battered LEDGER from a workbench.

Parker's followed by the "young" Senator Aaron McComb. Suavely dressed, McComb is the picture of influence and power. Parker scribbles out a check and HANDS it to McComb.

PARKER
We're finished. You have no legal claim on the company-- no royalty interest, nothing.
(beat)
Now get out.

"YOUNG" MCCOMB
(smiling at check)
My pleasure--

SUDDENLY, there's a CRACKLE of electrical energy inside the garage, sending shimmering BANDS of energy through the cinder block back wall. Flickers of BLUE LIGHTNING begin to RADIATE through the air like BALL LIGHTNING.

"YOUNG" MCCOMB
(confused)
What the hell--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before their amazed eyes, FOUR FIGURES begin to MATERIALIZE inside the back wall of the garage. The cinder blocks crumble and BURST from the pressure as the men SOLIDIFY, toppling equipment and sending auto parts SCATTERING across the floor.

Three HEAVILY ARMED MEN-- COLE, LANSING and MONROE-- rise from the shadows. Smoke clearing, they help a FOURTH MAN to his feet-- SENATOR AARON McCOMB.

"OLD" MCCOMB
(to Parker)
Jack. It's been a long time.

Jack Parker's eyes go WIDE with disbelief.

ANGLE - WALKER

COCKING his revolver, Walker WHISPERS a voice command to his computer.

WALKER
Give me comm.

A small wire microphone DROPS from the corner of Walker's glasses.

WALKER
Fielding. We've got company.

EXT. BACK OF GARAGE - DAY

Fielding is flat against the back wall of the garage, BREATHING HARD. The broken, crumbling section of wall is only INCHES from her position.

FIELDING
(whispering)
No kidding. Now what?

INT. FRONT OFFICE GARAGE - DAY

Walker hunkers down, preparing to go through the outer office door.

WALKER
(into mike)
You wanted a chance. Looks like you got it.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Inside, Parker GAPES in disbelief at the two McCombs.

PARKER
(to "Old" McComb)
Who are you? His Father?

"OLD" MCCOMB
(mock hurt)
Do I look <u>that</u> old?

Confused and scared, "Young" McComb backs against the wall, his hands high in the air. With studied surreptitiousness, he starts to SLIDE toward a side exit.

"YOUNG" MCCOMB
Look, I don't know who you are, but I'm a U.S. Senator-- anything you want, I'll get it--

"OLD" MCCOMB
I figured I'd be a whole lot braver about all this--
(drawing gun)
Just-- stay put.

"Old" McComb motions to his aide Cole.

"OLD" MCCOMB
(quiet)
Same matter can't occupy same space. Don't let him run, but keep his ass <u>away</u> from me.

Bodyguard Cole moves to "Young" McComb's side and puts him under guard.

"OLD" MCCOMB
(to Parker)
I never should have let you buy me out, Jack, but then who knew your chip would become the linchpin of an entirely new system?

PARKER
(bewildered)
What system?

"Old" McComb slides a pistol from under his jacket and LEVELS IT straight at Jack Parker's frightened face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"OLD" MCCOMB
It's complicated, but you were right about one thing.
(cocking revolver)
We didn't need any more partners.

Suddenly, Walker SLAMS his shoulder through the inner office door, TRAINING HIS GUN on "old" McComb's head.

WALKER
Drop it-- or you're going to need an exit poll to find what's left of your head.

Even when he's taken off guard, McComb retains his serpentine cool. He lifts his gun into the air, letting it dangle off a finger.

MCCOMB
Is that Officer Walker?
(looking around)
Alone again?

EXT. BACK OF GARAGE - DAY

FIELDING
Freeze!

Fielding pushes through the crack in the back wall, training her gun on the intruders. Her eyes go wide as she RECOGNISES Senator McComb.

FIELDING
Jesus.
(to Walker)
What's going on?

WALKER
(eyes narrowing)
The Senator's holding a fundraiser. Maybe if we're nice we'll both get buttons.

MCCOMB
(very cool)
If you're "nice" I could do better than that. Promotions-- a place on my staff?

Walker smiles at the attempted bribe, then suddenly PUNCHES Senator McComb in the face! Stunned, McComb STUMBLES BACKWARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
I told you I stay out of politics.

Suddenly, Cole SHOVES young McComb to one side and draws a MACHINE PISTOL from under his coat.

FIELDING
Walker--!

Fielding gets off a shot, hitting Cole in the shoulder. Dropping his gun, Cole scrambles toward the still open INSIDE DOOR while--

--Lansing and Monroe use the distraction to OPEN FIRE. Fielding catches a SLUG in the wrist, SHATTERING her time controller. Grimacing with pain, she scrambles for cover behind a metal tool-chest.

FIELDING
(clutching wrist)
Damn--!

Blind-firing across the garage, Walker DIVES for cover as powerful "exploder" shells miss him by inches, blowing CHUNKS of concrete into the street outside.

WALKER
Fielding--!

Grimacing in pain, Fielding stays low behind tool chest.

FIELDING
(clutching leg)
I'm okay. Just get him!

ANGLE - MCCOMB

Keeping his head LOW as bullets ricochet wildly, "old" McComb draws a point-blank bead on Jack Parker.

PARKER
Why are you doing this?

MCCOMB
I'm not a kid anymore, Jack--
(beat)
--I finally believe in something.

McComb FIRES. Parker's body SLAMS against the back wall of the garage and slides to the floor in a pool of blood.

WALKER
No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Furious, Walker RELOADS and RAPID-FIRES his automatic, catching Monroe in the legs and chest. Walker takes refuge behind a thic steel hoist as Lansing returns fire.

Dodging the barrage, "Old" McComb SCRAMBLES toward his younger self. "Young" McComb's pants are WET from fear as he CRINGES under the ricochets.

"YOUNG" MCCOMB
No-- please-- don't shoot!

"OLD" MCCOMB
(disgusted)
Jesus, you're embarrassing us.

"Old" McComb pulls a flat manila packet from his coat and SLIDES it to his younger self, careful to keep distance between himself and the younger man.

OLD MCCOMB
You own this company now. Parker's chip will be worth billions.
(beat)
Read the file. Do what it says.

YOUNG MCCOMB
(taking file)
Wha-- what's your cut?

Old McComb ROLLS HIS EYES.

OLD MCCOMB
You really don't get it, do you?

Young McComb hesitates, as if expecting some last minute trick, then SCAMPERS outside.

ANGLE - WALKER

As Lansing's bullets RICOCHET against the hoist, Walker spots "old" McComb running for the back wall. With a desperate lunge, Walker evades Lansing's gunfire and TACKLES McComb.

WALKER
(intense)
You're under arrest.

Walker LIFTS McComb like a shield and DISPLAYS him to Lansing.

WALKER
(to Lansing)
Drop it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lansing looks to McComb for instruction. Without warning, Walker SLAMS his knee into McComb's crotch.

WALKER
(to McComb)
I think he wants to hear it from you.

MCCOMB
(bent in agony)
Go to hell---

WALKER
Hell'd be a vacation after the last nine years.
(beat)
Tell him.

Gasping, McComb WAVES OFF Lansing.

WALKER
(to Lansing)
Go away. Now.

Lansing kneels over Monroe's body, activating the dead man's time-controller and then his own. Within moments, they both VANISH into the time stream.

WALKER
Fielding-- we're outta here--

Walker pulls a pair of handcuffs off his belt, clamping one end to McComb and the other to himself. He pops open the protective plates covering both his and McComb's controller, preparing for them both to reenter the time stream.

Across the garage, Fielding limps out from behind the metal chest, her damaged controller dangling from her wounded wrist.

FIELDING
My controller's shot-- I'll have to--

Suddenly, COLE REAPPEARS. Shoulder wet with blood, he used the chaos of the gun battle to circle around and reenter the garage through the shattered back wall.

He pounces on Fielding, ripping the gun from her hand and dragging her into the center of the garage.

COLE
Let the Senator go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FIELDING
(grimacing in pain)
Walker, don't.

Walker stares at Cole with deadly intensity.

WALKER
Touch her and I'll kill you. Then I'll jump ahead five years and kill you again.

FIELDING
(struggling)
The suspect's always first priority--

Cole moves his gun to Fielding's temple and slowly SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

COLE
(to Walker)
I'm going to count to one.

Walker hesitates, as if he's going to GIVE IN-- when, suddenly, Fielding THROWS BACK her head, BUTTING Cole's face. Cole FIRES WILDLY as--

--Fielding dives for Walker and McComb, ACTIVATING THEIR WRIST CONTROLLERS. His free hand still cuffed to McComb, Walker can't stop her.

WALKER
(desperate)
Sarah!

As the world begins to DISSOLVE around Walker and McComb, Cole OPENS FIRE INTO FIELDING. She GASPS, stumbling forward in a spray of blood.

ANGLE - WALKER'S POV

Walker watches Fielding fall, but there's nothing he can do as the hallucinatory blur of the TIME STREAM envelops him. He reaches for her again but it's too late, his hand DISSOLVING like smoke--

FIELDING
W-- Walker--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ANGLE - FIELDING

Lying on the floor, gasping for breath, Fielding STARES IN DAZE WONDER as Walker and McComb DISAPPEAR. With a CRACKLE of energy Cole FOLLOWS his boss into the time stream.

Bleeding badly, Fielding fumbles for her own controller, but the mechanism's SHATTERED. She falls back, and for a moment there is only oppressive SILENCE inside the shattered garage-- a silence gradually broken by the mournful WAIL of a distant POLICE SIREN.

INT. TIME STREAM

Still cuffed together, Walker and McComb are BUFFETED by the incredible forces swirling inside the time stream. His face PUFFY and BLEEDING from Walker's blows, McComb is livid with rage--

MCCOMB
Ever think about your <u>future</u>, Walker?

Walker TURNS SHARPLY-- it's the same question Melissa asked the day she died.

MCCOMB
Don't bother to <u>start</u>.
(beat)
I'm going to hurt you more than you <u>ever</u> hurt me.

SUDDENLY, Walker SLAMS into an invisible time BARRIER while old McComb literally DISSOLVES through the handcuffs, continuing down the time stream.

INT. TEC RETRIEVAL ROOM - DAY

Walker PLUNGES into the padded recovery room, emerging from the coruscating time stream. He takes a moment to catch his breath--

WALKER
Son of a bitch <u>knew</u> I couldn't follow--
(beat)
He was from the future-- <u>my</u> future.

--when he's completely BLINDSIDED by an out-of-nowhere EXPLOSIO that demolishes the far side of the recovery room. Blast debris BLOWS Max across the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
(stunned)
What the fu--

With the eerie WHISTLE of a FALLING SHELL, a SECOND EXPLOSION hits near the first, BURSTING the recovery room's door off its hinges. As the SOUND of the explosion fades, Walker can HEAR the CRIES and SCREAMS of men outside.

VOICE #1
They've brought in mortars!

VOICE #2
We can't hold out!

Picking his way through the rubble, Walker crawls into the MAIN CORRIDOR.

INT. TEC CORRIDOR - DAY

Bullet trails and BLAST MARKS riddle the hallway. Broken, blood-spattered BODIES-- T.E.C. officers and scientists-- lie dead on the tile floor. Following the sound of INTERMITTENT GUNFIRE, Walker winds his way down the shattered corridor.

INT. LAUNCH CHAMBER - DAY

MORTAR and MACHINE GUN FIRE rocks the launch tunnel as Walker finds Martinez, Ricky and a few battered technicians making their last armed stand against a vicious-- and inexplicable-- assault. Wounded and dizzy, Martinez spots Walker through the smoke and fire.

MARTINEZ
Walker--?

Walker has to CATCH Martinez to keep him from falling as another mortar shell EXPLODES nearby.

WALKER
Jesus-- who's shooting at us?

Weak from loss of blood, Martinez POINTS toward one of the gaping HOLES blasted through the launch tunnel.

MARTINEZ
McComb's ordered us to shut down. When we wouldn't vacate without proper authorization, he called in the military--!

Another shell WHISTLES DOWN, sending a PLUME of rock and cement across the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
(ducking)
McComb hasn't got that kind of clout--

MARTINEZ
The hell he hasn't-- McComb's shit has been coming to a head for months.

Walker takes Martinez by the shoulder, STARING into his eyes.

WALKER
When I left, it hadn't even started.
(beat)
McComb's gone back and fixed it.

Walker glances down at one of the launch platform COMPUTER TERMINALS. Something's DIFFERENT-- the manufacturing company LOGO has changed. In the place of PARKER GRAPHICS the machine is now a "MCCOMB DATALINK."

RICKY staggers across the tunnel, battered and bleeding from the incoming fire. He grabs Walker desperately.

RICKY
We were picking up massive temporal disturbances when they launched the first attack.

MARTINEZ
We've been keeping the track open on the chance you'd make it back.

Face filling with awful realization, Walker GRABS Martinez by the shoulders.

WALKER
Tell me about the election.

MARTINEZ
McComb's 30 points ahead in all the polls. With his computer money, he outspent everyone else 20 to one!

WALKER
I've got to make it right again.
(intense to Martinez)
They shot Fielding-- I think she may still be alive back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Martinez looks at Walker with a desperate expression.

MARTINEZ
I don't know who you're talking about, Max--
(beat)
Who's Fielding?

HOLD on Walker's grim face, then--

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNCH SITE/CHRONOS POD - DAY

As gunfire RIDDLES the tunnel, Walker hunkers into the last surviving pod, strapping himself in for launch. Martinez and Ricky lift the heavy hatch into place.

MARTINEZ
We've zeroed on a date in '95-- everything seems to radiate from there.
(beat)
Start with this "Fielding"-- she may be the focal point of the disruption.

RICKY
No time for mapping. We'll be lucky to get you into the stream at all.

WALKER
(intense)
Just get me back. I'll do the rest.

Martinez SLAMS the hatch down and BOLTS it into place, locking Walker inside the pod. At the same time, Ricky WAVES to the battered downline technicians.

The electrical pylons flagging each side of the track begin to GLOW with blue energy as the gyro arms SWING INTO PLACE.

RICKY
(reciting countdown)
10-- 9-- 8--

A small squad of PARAMILITARY SHOOTERS climb through the breech in the launch tunnel's wall and OPEN FIRE into the surviving T.E.C. technicians. Martinez goes down in a SPRAY of blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky JUMPS for a nearby RIFLE and awkwardly returns fire. The attack squad sees him and concentrates fire on his position, RIDDLING HIM with a barrage of slugs.

ANGLE - POD

Bolted into the pod, Walker can only watch as his team is SLAUGHTERED. Peering through the pod's tiny porthole, he stares helplessly as a mortally wounded Ricky STUMBLES toward the launch mechanism and FALLS AGAINST THE SWITCH.

The gyro arms SWING BACK and the pod's ROCKET ENGINES explode to life, sending a plume of FIRE into the paramilitary squad. The soldiers BURN in the searing flames as Walker's Chronos Pod tears down the track.

Face ETCHED with tension, Walker struggles against the incredible G-force of the launch. A guttural SCREAM fills the pod.

ANGLE - LAUNCH BAY

More soldiers appear inside the tunnel, OPENING FIRE on the speeding pod.

INT. POD - DAY

The real world DISSOLVES, but the gunfire DISRUPTS the energy field, sending a violent electrical SHOCKWAVE through the Chronos pod. Dials and screens inside the pod EXPLODE with crackling fire. As the pod seems to veer totally out of control--

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST AREA - MORNING

A tall pine stands in a park-like clearing, limbs RUSTLING in the delicate breeze. A small wooden sign beside the tree says "PLEASE STAY ON TRAIL."

The wind sound grows LOUDER, taking on the angry HISS of STATIC The trunk of the pine is suddenly enveloped in a BALL of BLUE LIGHTNING. The green wood SHUDDERS from powerful, internal pressure until the tree literally EXPLODES from the INSIDE OUT as Walker materializes inside.

Walker SCRAMBLES out of the way, covering his head to avoid the tree and a rain of falling splinters. Once clear, he glances back at the full extent of the damage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
(taking a breath)
She-sus!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Walker stands at a pay phone outside a roadside 7/11, juggling the receiver against his ear as he activates the computer insid his sunglasses.

WALKER
Data retrieval. Give me a time stamp.

His glasses BEEP on, activating the inner-lens screen.

ANGLE - INSIDE SUNGLASSES

The data field is BROKEN AND FLICKERING. An ERROR: DATA LOST DURING ENTRY message blinks again and again, signaling damage from the trip back.

ANGLE - WALKER

He glances through the window of the 7/11 and spots a PLAYBOY, cover date August 1995.

WALKER
Nevermind. We're close.
(talking to computer)
Fielding had no money and no I.D.
If she survived, they would have taken her to St. Matthews. Pull their phone number and access their admittance computer.

A sequence of high frequency modem BEEPS emit from Walker's glasses, circumventing the payphone's coin mechanism and dialing directly into the hospital's mainframe.

ANGLE - INSIDE SUNGLASSES

A menu of hospital patient statistics appear on the inner lens screen.

WALKER (O.S.)
Bring up the patient profiles.
Start with the charity Jane Does.

The screen fills with a short list of "Jane Doe" admittances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER (O.S.)
Give me each diagnosis.

The screen displays each indigent "Jane Doe" diagnosis. "PNEUMONIA." "DRUG OVERDOSE." Doe #3 was admitted for a "GUNSHOT WOUND TO CHEST, 5/7/95. WARD A, ROOM 213. CONDITION: CRITICAL."

WALKER
Hold it.

ANGLE - WALKER

Walker pulls off his glasses, staring pensively across the busy Interstate.

WALKER
She's alive.

Hesitating, Walker glances back at the phone.

WALKER
(into computer)
I'm going to need money for the road.

His glasses BEEP TWICE and the change slot on the phone suddenly OVERFLOWS with loose coins.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MATTHEWS HOSPITAL - DAY

A cab drops Walker outside St. Matthews hospital, an imposing facility located in the heart of urban Washington. Walker pays the cabbie with a handful of telephone change and heads inside.

INT. ST. MATTHEWS HOSPITAL/CHARITY WING - DAY

The charity wing of the hospital is a nightmarish scene; wounded gang bangers vie for attention with elderly accident victims and pregnant young women. Moans of pain fill the air, like some awful form of Muzak.

Troubled by what he sees, knowing that Fielding is part of this horror, Walker pushes through the crowded corridor toward room 213.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 213 - DAY

The shades have been drawn, shrouding the room in shadow. The rhythmic HISS of an oxygen pump and the steady TICK of an electronic heart monitor are the only SOUNDS.

A still figure lies on the room's single bed, an IV tube dripping fluid as she takes a SHALLOW BREATH. Walker steps around the bed, his face EMERGING from the shadows.

FIELDING
Walker?

Switching on a night light, Walker WINCES. Fielding's chest is SWATHED in seeping bandages, her face WHITE and DRAWN.

FIELDING
I knew you'd come.

Walker looks away, as if he can't bear seeing her like this.

WALKER
I'm getting you out of here. I know a private hospital where--

FIELDING
No more hospitals.
(beat)
I want to go back.

Taking a slow breath, Walker moves close to Fielding's bed.

WALKER
There's nothing to go back to. McComb used the Parker Graphics money to consolidate his power base. The T.E.C.'s gone--

Fielding waves her hand feebly.

FIELDING
I don't care.

Walker leans close to Fielding, taking her by the shoulders.

WALKER
(hesitant)
Listen to me. Martinez, the others-- they didn't even know you.

FIELDING
(shaking her head)
Stop it--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Whatever happened after the shootout changed your future. You never joined the T.E.C. You were never sent on the mission.

FIELDING
(near tears)
Stop--!

It takes a moment for the enormity of situation to sink in.

FIELDING
But-- I have memories. Saying goodbye to Benjamin, the T.E.C. training-- you--
(beat)
You're saying none of that happened?

WALKER
In that future it did-- but there's a new history spinning out of McComb's "visit."
(beat)
Something must have-- happened to you before you signed on--

Fielding slumps back, struggling to understand the implication of Walker's words.

FIELDING
They stole my future--

Breaking the tense silence, Walker turns to a small CLOTHES CLOSET, searching for Fielding's clothes. It's empty.

WALKER
Where are your clothes?

FIELDING
(dazed)
What?

WALKER
If I can find you, so can McComb.

Fielding stares at Walker through the shadows, her voice flat with despair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIELDING
It might be better that way.
(low, weary)
What about you? Your future?

Walker seems surprised by the question.

WALKER
I haven't thought about it.

FIELDING
No second chances, for anyone--
(bitter)
Or maybe you're afraid to make things right-- maybe you like the world you've created for yourself.

Walker's eyes narrow as Fielding's anger builds.

FIELDING
The future can be terrifying when you don't know how it turns out.
(beat)
What if your wife hadn't died? Maybe she would have left you--maybe--

WALKER
(intense)
That's enough.

Walker turns to leave the room.

FIELDING
(calling after him)
You think you're afraid? You're not half as frightened as I am--
(louder)
I'd take that second chance---

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Face hard as steel, Walker moves down the corridor and finds an abandoned GURNEY against one wall. Moving quickly, he spins the gurney around--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - NURSE'S STATION

--when he suddenly STOPS. With a jolt of recognition, he spots McComb aides COLE and LANSING standing over an admittance computer at a NURSE'S STATION across the lobby. Both men are dressed in long overcoats, utterly out of place in the hospital setting.

ANGLE - WALKER

Walker leaves the gurney and BOLTS across the lobby toward the nurse's station. A passing group of MEDICAL PERSONNEL momentarily block his path--

--just long enough for McComb's two men to DISAPPEAR. Arriving at the nurse's station, Walker glances down at the computer screen.

ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN

WALKER, MELISSA R.
ADDRESS: 4412 HIATT DRIVE
PREGNANCY DIAGNOSIS:
ANTENATAL CARE, FIRST PREGNANCY

ANGLE - WALKER

For a moment, Walker is STUNNED-- first to see Melissa's name on the screen, then by the diagnosis.

WALKER
Melissa--?

He continues reading the screen, moving into a section marked PHYSICIAN'S NOTES.

ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN

PRESCRIBED VISTEROL FOR STOMACH.
CALLED IN PRESCRIPTION TO MALL DRUGS
FOR PATIENT PICK-UP BY 11:30 AM.

That's when Walker sees the DATE blinking in the corner of the screen: 8/14/95.

WALKER
Christ-- it's <u>today</u>--

MEMORY FLASH

For a flash INSTANT, Walker REMEMBERS what McComb said to him in the time stream--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCOMB
I'm going to hurt you more than you ever hurt me--

BACK TO WALKER

With a sudden jolt Walker LOOKS UP.

WALKER
Fielding!

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Walker RUNS FULL TILT down the charity ward corridor, knocking *patients and Doctors aside in his haste. Patients SCREAM as* GUNFIRE ERUPTS inside Room 213.

Drawing his gun, Walker KICKS OPEN the door--

INT. ROOM 213 - DAY

Cole and Lansing are VANISHING in an arc of temporal BLUE LIGHTNING as Walker bursts inside. Walker levels his gun, but they're GONE before he can fire.

With a look of DREAD, Walker turns toward Fielding's bed. She's DEAD, SPRAWLED across the covers, her heart monitor SHRIEKING AN ALARM.

WALKER
No!

The hospital door BANGS OPEN and a gawky SECURITY GUARD bursts inside. Instantly assuming that Walker murdered Fielding, the guard fumbles for his revolver.

SECURITY GUARD
Drop it!

Without missing a beat, Walker RAPID FIRES over the Security Guard's head, dropping a plume of PLASTER from the ceiling. The terrified guard DIVES FOR COVER.

As more VOICES approach the room, Walker glances around the room. He gives Fielding one last look, then runs full tilt and EXPLODES through the second story window--

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

--PLUNGING to the ground in a hail of broken glass, the window shade trailing behind him. He lands heavily, his fall broken by a low hedge.

Scrambling to his feet, Walker RUNS for the main driveway as more security personnel-- alerted by walkie talkie-- join in the chase.

ANGLE - DRIVEWAY

An expensive MERCEDES is pulling into a Doctor's Only parking lot as Walker HURDLES a concrete parking barrier. He flashes his badge and flags the driver down.

WALKER
I need your car!

DOCTOR
(annoyed)
Can't you find a Hyundai?

Walker DRAWS HIS GUN and LEVELS IT at the driver's window.

WALKER
It's okay. I'm a cop.

The driver raises his hands and DIVES out of the car. Walker slides behind the wheel and PEELS OUT as hospital security guards SWARM the parking lot.

The guards frantically radio the regular police as the Mercedes disappears in the busy mid-morning traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - DAY

PAN DOWN from the entrance to the mall to Walker as he PARKS the stolen Mercedes on the street and MINGLES with the crowd outside the open air mall.

The crowd momentarily PARTS, and for an instant Walker is OVERWHELMED by the sights and sounds of this earlier time.

WALKER
My God.

The street, the people, the sights-- all conspire to take him back emotionally to that day nine years before. The effect is dizzying, almost too much to bear-- Walker feels himself FALLING, catching himself against a window display.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
--it's just like before.

His emotional reverie is broken when he glances up and sees a sign for MALL DRUGS. He pulls himself away from the display as the KID on ROLLERBLADES skates past, loud MUSIC blaring from his shoulder-high radio.

ROLLERBLADES
Move it!

Walker reflexively CLENCHES HIS FISTS at the kid's remark, then pulls back, peering through the crowd.

EXT. ANTIQUE CLOCK STORE - DAY

Melissa stands in front of the antique clock store, her reflection SURROUNDED by a fantastic array of clocks. She has a faraway look in her eye, as if she's staring at something JUST OUT OF REACH. It's a REPLAY of what happened in 1995, the day of her murder.

ANGLE - WALKER

Walker WATCHES Melissa from across the mall. With the exception of the small, white scar across his temple and a dusting of gray in his hair, you would be hard pressed to tell the difference between this Walker and his YOUNGER SELF.

ANGLE - MELISSA (OLD WALKER'S POV)

As Walker watches Melissa, he realizes that she's NOT staring at the antique clocks but looking PAST them, toward THE MATERNITY SHOP next door. Melissa unconsciously puts her hand over her stomach as she STUDIES the maternity fashions.

WALKER
(quoting himself)
"I didn't know you liked clocks."

Melissa CHECKS her watch and glances down the mall.

ANGLE - OLD WALKER

Walker is beside himself with doubt. He starts toward Melissa then STOPS, as if pulled back by an invisible hand. The anguish in his face is real, palpable--

--when he sees COLE and LANSING through the crowd, heading toward the Mall Drugs store in search of Melissa. Walker's face fills with resolve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - MELISSA'S REFLECTION

After a moment, "Old" Walker's REFLECTION appears in the glass behind Melissa.

WALKER
(tenuous)
Do-- do you have the time?

Melissa automatically glances down at her wristwatch.

MELISSA
Yeah, sure-- it's--

As before, Melissa STOPS SHEEPISHLY. It's STILL a ridiculous question, standing in front of hundreds of clocks.

MELISSA
It's a thousand times 11:30. And you're on time for once.

Walker STARES at the clocks. His mouth moves but there's NO SOUND. Melissa turns to EMBRACE him but STOPS in mid-motion.

MELISSA
Where did you get those clothes?

Glancing down at his severe TIMECOP outfit, Walker seems almost DAZED by the encounter.

WALKER
My what?
(glancing down)
They're-- from the station.

MELISSA
Didn't figure you picked 'em up at Penney's.

Letting the clothing question pass, Melissa puts her arms aroun Walker, pulling him close.

MELISSA
(hugging him)
I missed you this morning. You snuck out before I could say goodbye.

Walker's awkward as he returns the embrace, his hands TREMBLING. His eyes squeeze shut as he loses himself in the moment.

WALKER
I-- I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He won't let go, as if he never wants the moment to end. Meliss is SURPRISED by this sudden passion.

MELISSA
Max-- it's okay.
(self deprecating)
We're married. I guess we're not supposed to miss each other.

Walker backs away from her, taking her shoulders and STARING SERIOUSLY into her eyes.

WALKER
Don't say that. Don't ever say that.
(out of nowhere)
I-- I love you.

Totally blindsided by this uncharacteristic expression of love-- just as Walker himself was surprised back in 1995-- Melissa takes a STEP BACK.

MELISSA
Max, what's wrong?
(insistent)
Something's wrong, isn't it?

WALKER
No, I--
(beat)
I just wanted you to know that.

Hesitant, Melissa reaches out and TOUCHES Walker's face, runnin her hand across his lined eyes and the white SCAR over his temple.

MELISSA
I never noticed this scar before.
(beat)
Are you sure you're alright?

Walker CLOSES HIS EYES, savoring the feel of Melissa's soft hands. The moment is BROKEN when Rollerblades skates through the crowded mall, his tape player BLASTING hard rap. He's just skating; there are no elderly women or purses in sight.

WALKER
(emotional)
I have to talk to you-- I--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Walker's DROWNED OUT by the kid's loud MUSIC. Nerves frayed, Walker suddenly lashes out and GRABS Rollerblades by the arm. But instead of easing the kid to a stop like before, Walker SMASHES him face first into a storefront. The tape player CRUNCHES on impact, shattering across the sidewalk.

MELISSA
(horrified)
Max!

There are SCREAMS from the crowd. Face ETCHED with fury, Walker puts his KNEE into the kid's throat.

ROLLERBLADES
I-- I didn't do anything--

WALKER
Bullshit. You walked the first time-- this time you won't be so lucky.

ROLLERBLADES
I've never even seen you before!

MELISSA
(screaming)
Max, let him go!

Melissa's voice BREAKS Walker's ugly mood. Like a man coming out of a trance, Walker slowly RISES off the boy. As Rollerblades runs away, Walker glances around the mall. He's surrounded by a sea of ANGRY FACES.

MELISSA
(voice tight)
What's wrong with you?

WALKER
I--

Walker STOPS in mid-sentence. Glancing over the heads of the curious crowd, he spots COLE and LANSING exiting the drug store turning in the direction of the COMMOTION across the mall.

WALKER
Son of a bitch--

Taking Melissa's arm, Walker leads her away from the main walkway toward a--

INT. SERVICE ALCOVE - DAY

Fighting to stay low and out of sight, Walker pushes Melissa down a quiet service walkway off the main mall. Melissa's not just annoyed; she's scared.

MELISSA
Max, you're scaring me.

WALKER
Listen to me. I'm not Max.
(beat)
At least not the Max you think I am.

Melissa stares at him, trying to decide if this is some awful joke.

MELISSA
(half laugh)
What?
(serious)
Maybe-- maybe we should talk about this back home--

Walker glances over his shoulder toward the busy mall.

WALKER
We can't. Not yet.

INT. MALL - DAY

Cole and Lansing split up to facilitate their search; Lansing walks to the far side of the mall while Cole moves toward the SERVICE ALCOVE.

INT. SERVICE ALCOVE - DAY

Spotting Cole through a cluster of pedestrians, Walker BANGS open a sidedoor marked DELIVERY ACCESS and pulls Melissa inside.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Catching the suspicious movement out the corner of his eye, Cole pushes through the crowd and heads toward the alcove.

INT. ACCESS WAY BEHIND STORES - DAY

The narrow access corridor serves as a back DELIVERY ENTRANCE for the smaller mall stores. Walker keeps a tight grip on Melissa's arm as they push down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA
Where are we going?
(beat)
Let me go!

Walker tries one rear door-- LOCKED. He tries another-- SAME THING. He's reaching for a THIRD door when--

ANGLE - COLE

--gun drawn, Cole PUSHES OPEN the DELIVERY ACCESS door and peers down the long corridor. Walker and Melissa are GONE.

INT. BACK ROOM OF STORE - DAY

Walker and Melissa have hidden inside the crowded back room of one of the MALL SHOPS. While Walker checks the door leading into the store itself, Melissa backs away, bumping into a stack of packing crates.

WALKER
Be quiet!

Her eyes WIDE WITH FEAR, Melissa's voice TREMBLES.

MELISSA
Why? Are you going to hit me like that kid on the sidewalk?

Walker TURNS SHARPLY at Melissa's remark.

WALKER
I would never hurt you.
(beat)
You know that, don't you?

MELISSA
(frightened)
I'm not sure what I know anymore.

Walker turns back to the inside door, rattling the knob.

WALKER
I'll have to force it.

MELISSA
(scared)
If you're not Max, then who <u>are</u> you?

Walker STOPS, taking a HARD BREATH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
I am Max.
(beat)
Nine years from now.

MELISSA
What?

In desperation, Walker grabs Melissa by the shoulders and pulls her close.

WALKER
Look at me.
(beat)
I know how crazy it sounds--

Melissa STARES at Walker, growing more frightened by the minute

MELISSA
Please stop, Max.

WALKER
(frustrated)
After all this time alone, you think I want it to be like this?

Pushing with his shoulder, Walker POPS THE LOCK on the rear door. It swings opens into the--

INT. ANTIQUE CLOCK STORE - DAY

Checking to make sure the store is clear, Walker holds out his hand to Melissa.

WALKER
Come on.

Melissa SHRINKS back.

WALKER
(hand still out)
Please, Melissa.

Something in Walker's voice convinces her for the moment. She takes his hand and follows him into the crowded CLOCK SHOP. An OLD MAN sits behind the front counter, absentmindedly reading a catalog.

MELISSA
Now what?

Walker glances around the clock shop, trying to think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Listen to me.
(trying to explain)
We're being followed. If this day don't happen just like before, it could warn them off.
(looking around)
I don't want that. It has to end tonight.

Suddenly, the clocks inside the store begin to CHIME NOON. Melissa glances up, through the front shop window and sees--

ANGLE - MALL (THROUGH STORE WINDOW)

"Young" Max Walker, on his way to meet her, just like that day nine years before.

ANGLE - MELISSA

Melissa GASPS in shock. Walker follows her eyes, SPOTTING his younger self in the crowd.

MELISSA
(to "old" Walker)
Who <u>are</u> you?

WALKER
(desperate)
There's a bottle of champagne in the refrigerator. You wanted tonight to be special.
(emotional)
You wanted to tell me something but I wouldn't listen. About the future--
(beat)
--our baby--

Melissa stares at Walker in disbelief.

MELISSA
How could you know that?

WALKER
I've come back to help you-- help <u>us</u>.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELISSA
(really scared)
You-- you said "after all those years alone"--
(beat)
What happens tonight?

Walker PUSHES Melissa toward the door of the clock shop.

WALKER
We haven't got time--
(nodding toward younger self)
You'll be safe with him. Please.

Baffled and frightened, Melissa steps from the Antique Clock store JUST AS THE CHIMES stop ringing.

EXT. ANTIQUE CLOCK STORE/MALL - DAY

Melissa's reflection shimmers in the clock shop's window as "young" Max comes up behind her.

"YOUNG" MAX
Excuse me-- do you have the time?

INT. CLOCK SHOP - DAY

"Young" Walker's conversation with Melissa is MUFFLED by the clock shop's window as "Old" Walker slips away through the unlocked backroom door. Melissa watches him as he disappears through the WHIRRING, TICKING clocks.

EXT. MALL/"OLD" WALKER'S POV - DAY

We see the day of Melissa's murder OVER AGAIN, but this time from "old" Walker's distant perspective. He fights to stay out of "young" Walker's sight line while keeping the couple under surveillance.

From his vantage point, "Old" Walker is too far away to actually hear any conversation-- but his last day with Melissa has been BURNED into his mind. Without realizing, Walker MIMICS his younger self as the strolling mall photographer SNAPS a picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(silent)
Something for your scrapbook?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"OLD" WALKER
(mimicking younger self)
Can you make a print in Braille? Besides, we don't have a scrapbook.

From this distant angle, Walker watches Melissa GRAB for the snapshot. Her desire for "memories" suddenly has new and poignant meaning.

MELISSA
(silent)
We-- we'll take it anyway.

ANGLE - "OLD" WALKER

"Old" Walker reaches into his jacket and pulls out HIS copy of the snapshot, the word KILLER still scrawled over the image. His face goes DARK with foreboding.

"OLD" WALKER
(staring at photo)
Feels like rain--

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS - NIGHT

"Young" Max and Melissa drive home, winding through the narrow suburban streets of Washington as a DRENCHING RAIN begins to fall. "Old" Walker FOLLOWS in a cab, his eyes LOCKED on their car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKER HOUSE/"OLD" WALKER'S POV - NIGHT

The sky looms over Walker's house like wet, black shroud. Standing unprotected in the driving rain, "Old" Walker WATCHES Melissa and Walker in the upstairs bedroom, their bodies shimmering behind the wet glass. For an instant, he can see Melissa's FRIGHTENED EYES staring out into the night.

"Old" Walker is oblivious to the elements. The pain of his years alone is like a living thing, eating at him from the inside. Even over the wind and rain, "old" Walker can hear the soft RING of the telephone.

"OLD" WALKER
(a whisper)
Don't go. Don't leave her.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

From the same distant POV, "Young" Max leaves the house and speeds away in his patrol car, leaving Melissa FRAMED in the rainswept doorway.

TIGHTER ANGLE - MELISSA

The SOUND of the wind and rain WHIPPING down the street, Melissa glances toward the night sky and the dark clouds hanging OMINOUSLY overhead.

WALKER (O.S.)
You didn't tell him.

Melissa JUMPS as "OLD" WALKER steps from the shadows beside the house.

MELISSA
(composing herself)
No. He was called down to the station.

Walker nods, looking up into the night sky.

WALKER
You were right about the rain.
(to Melissa)
You were right about everything.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Melissa leads "Old" Walker into the living room. He stares at the walls and furniture as if in a trance, drinking in the memories of his old life.

MELISSA
Why can't we just leave? Run from whatever's coming--

WALKER
(struggling)
The past isn't random-- it's a pattern. The more we change, the more chance of breaking that pattern.
(beat)
If it's going to stop, it has to be tonight.

Melissa comes up behind him, unsure and tentative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA
Someone's coming to hurt us, aren't they?

WALKER
You said I always put the job first. I should have stayed.

MELISSA
(soft)
You're here now.

WALKER
That doesn't change it.

Walker TURNS to Melissa, taking her by the shoulders.

WALKER
(anguished)
Why couldn't you tell me? About us-- our baby--?

MELISSA
I was afraid you'd be angry-- that it might ruin what we had.
(looking away)
God, I'm still afraid.

WALKER
Don't be.

He PRESSES his hand gently against her stomach.

WALKER
This is our future. Nothing else.

SUDDENLY there are SOUNDS outside the house. Footsteps and LOW VOICES. A flashlight-beam SWINGS past one of the living room windows.

MELISSA
It's them, isn't it?
(scared)
What makes you think this time will be different?

WALKER
I've had nine years to ask that question.
(toward sound)
Maybe I know them. Maybe I know myself.

He takes her hand and leads her upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flashlight beams DANCE around the downstairs as shadowy figures INVADE the house.

COLE (O.S.)
(muffled)
I heard something upstairs.

LANSING (O.S.)
(muffled)
Check it out.

Walker lifts a "shhh" finger to his lips, silencing Melissa as they creep down the hallway. They reach a window that opens out onto second story roof overhang. Walker quietly SLIDES OPEN the window.

WALKER
When you get to the ground start running. Keep running until I come for you.

MELISSA
(whispering)
I don't want to go.

Walker suddenly PULLS HER CLOSE, holding her in a desperate embrace.

WALKER
I love you. I've always loved you.
(whisper)
Remember.

He holds on, as if afraid to let her go-- then slowly backs away, helping her to the window. Reluctant, Melissa climbs out onto the overhang and slides toward the edge.

When she's safe, Walker's face goes DARK with anger, the TIMECOI inside him returning full force.

ANGLE - STAIRCASE

Soft CREAKS of wood indicate someone coming up the stairs. Walker SLIDES along the corridor wall until he's directly adjacent the stairwell.

A SHADOWY FIGURE approaches the top of the stairs. A flashlight taped to the muzzle of his bulky revolver forms a makeshift "sniper scope".

As he steps up on the landing, he shines the flashlight down one side of the corridor, then the other-- DIRECTLY INTO WALKER'S FACE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Hey.

Walker SLAMS his knee into the man's face. The man DROPS his gun down the stairs, the taped-on flashlight ROTATING around the stairwell like some psychedelic lightshow.

Hoisting the dazed man to his feet, Walker gets a look at his face. It's COLE-- one of the men who KILLED Fielding!

WALKER
(intense)
You--

Cole LUNGES into Walker, sending them both SPRAWLING across the carpet. Blood POURING from his broken nose, Cole POUNDS Walker with vicious body blows.

Walker takes aim on Cole's broken nose, slamming his fists once, TWICE. Dazed, Cole's about to go down when a NEW set of hands LIFT Walker by the collar-- Cole's partner LANSING. He swings Walker around and HURLS him through the second story window!

EXT. WALKER HOUSE/SECOND STORY

Unable to catch himself, Walker EXPLODES through the glass, falling back-first down the STEEP, SLIPPERY SHINGLES. Struggling to hold on, Walker's fingernails TICKTICKTICK across the shingles as he slides toward the edge of the roof.

About to go over, his hands HOOK into the rain gutter, leaving him HANGING HELPLESSLY.

LANSING
You have a problem.

Lansing steps out on the overhang. Taking pleasure in Walker's predicament, he sadistically GRINDS HIS SHOE into Walker's right hand.

Grimacing with pain, Walker RELEASES his hand and swings out from the gutter, flailing in the rainswept darkness. Lansing moves his foot to Walker's other hand--

WALKER
(grimacing with pain)
Th-- thank you--

Lansing gives Walker a quizzical, "thanks for what?" expression when SUDDENLY--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--THE ROOF under his feet EXPLODES. An explosive shell BLASTS through the shingles, CATCHING Lansing SQUARE IN THE CHEST.

ANGLE - WALKER

Walker used his free hand to pull his revolver and SHOOT Lansing through the overhang. While Lansing's body PLUMMETS off the roof, Walker hooks his legs through the still-smoking hole and pulls himself up, crawling back into the house.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The house is ominously QUIET. Cole is nowhere to be seen. Tucking his gun close, Walker moves toward the staircase.

ANGLE - STAIRCASE

The stairs are empty, but Walker can see MORE SHADOWS in the living room below. Face etched with TENSION, Walker slowly starts DOWNSTAIRS.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HOWLING WIND and RAIN blows in through an open window, rustling curtains and coffee-table magazines. Eyes NARROWING with anger, Walker moves slowly toward the kitchen.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

A ball of BLUE LIGHTNING suddenly appears beside the stove, sending shivering CRACKS through the plaster and linoleum. The electrical disturbance blows the fuses, plunging the house into darkness.

A silhouetted figure RISES in the shadows, his coat FLUTTERING in the driving wind. Senator AARON MCCOMB.

Walker instinctively reaches for his gun--

--when COLE suddenly comes in behind him, KICKING the gun across the room and SLAMMING Walker against the kitchen wall. Cole's bleeding, broken face is a VISION FROM HELL.

ANGLE - OUTSIDE

While Walker struggles with Cole, there is a COMMOTION outside the house. A third McComb aide has captured MELISSA, dragging her back through the rain and mud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
(horrified)
Melissa--

Cole slams a fist into Walker's gut, doubling him over.

COLE
(to McComb)
"Officer Walker's" not here. This is the old one.
(glaring at Walker)
He's come back to stop it.

Walker watches in horror as McComb takes Melissa from the aide, putting a PISTOL to her head.

MCCOMB
And this time you are alone.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

"Young" Walker pulls onto a busy Washington throughway, windshield wipers making a rhythmic WHAPWHAPWHAP sound against the rain. A truck coming the opposite direction BRIGHT LIGHTS him and Walker pulls the sun visor down to protect his eyes.

A PHOTO hidden on top of the visor FLUTTERS DOWN into Walker's lap. It's the crumpled mall photo of Melissa and Walker, the word "killer" still scrawled across the image.

Puzzled, Walker stares at the photo, then glances OVER HIS SHOULDER--

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

McComb DRAGS Melissa across the wet kitchen, bringing her closer to Cole and Walker.

MCCOMB
I'm tired of you. First Parker, then Atwood--

Walker looks up, surprised to hear Atwood's name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOMB
You're surprised?
(beat)
Atwood believed in my message of change.

WALKER
The only change Lyle cared about jingled in his pocket.

MCCOMB
You're very cynical, Officer Walker.
(to Aide #3)
Slide it over.

McComb's third aide pulls a small DUFFEL BAG off his shoulder and slides it across the floor. A digital readout on top COUNTS BACKWARD from 6 minutes, 15 seconds-- it's a high explosive BOMB.

McComb lifts the satchel with the embarrassed expression of someone who believes himself above this sort of thing.

Melissa's eyes go WIDE WITH FEAR.

MELISSA
(screaming)
Why are you doing this?

McComb glances across the kitchen, as if admiring the decor.

MCCOMB
I grew up in a neighborhood like this. No drugs, no crime--
(beat)
I want to be President. I want to make a difference.

Walker stares hard at McComb, the hatred BURNING in his eyes.

WALKER
You want--
(beat)
You fought your way onto the T.E.C. committee because it was the only way you could shut us down. You must have been scoping on this for years--

Cole CRACKS Walker in the face with the flat steel of his gun-- a sadistic "tit for tat" gesture for what happened upstairs. Blood POURS from Walker's broken nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALKER
You have me-- that's what you wanted. Let Melissa go.

MCCOMB
I didn't come to kill you.
(beat)
I came to hurt you.

Sadistic, Cole HITS Walker again.

MELISSA
(crying)
Stop it! Leave us alone!

Suddenly FURIOUS, McComb pulls Melissa forward and FORCES her to stare at Walker's face--

MCCOMB
"Us?"
(beat)
If I had the time, I'd let you see his file-- his tomorrows.

Melissa's eyes fill with TEARS, as if she can see the truth of McComb's words reflected in Walker's wounded face.

MCCOMB
This isn't your husband. That Walker was full of--
possibilities. This one's empty, used up. There's no place for him in my future.
(beat)
Go ahead. Look hard.

Melissa intuitively knows McComb is telling the truth.

MELISSA
Max--

Sensing her horror, seeing it all slip away again, Walker REARS BACK in emotional agony.

WALKER
No!

Cole SMASHES his gun into Walker's face a second time. Stunned and bleeding, Walker SLUMPS down the wall as Cole KNEELS to study his handiwork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COLE
Scars give a man character, don't you think?

Walker SPITS a mouthful of blood as a POLICE SIREN begins to SOUND in the distance.

WALKER
(glancing up)
Time changes. Everything--changes.
(to McComb)
And I'm not alone.

McComb's brow FURROWS at the rising sound of the SIREN. A spray of car HEADLIGHTS shine through the kitchen windows as--

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

--"young" Walker's patrol car SCREAMS DOWN THE STREET, skidding to a stop outside! He grabs a shotgun from the rack behind the driver's seat and starts toward the dark house.

"YOUNG" WALKER
(calling out)
Melissa!

INT. WALKER HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

MELISSA
(to "old" Walker)
It's you.
(beat)
You knew he'd come back--

Walker CHOPS at Cole's gun hand, grabbing away his automatic as McComb's THIRD AIDE opens fire. Walker slams an ELBOW into Cole's face and RETURNS FIRE with the automatic, his shots going wild across the kitchen.

Grabbing Melissa by the hair, McComb drags her and the bomb satchel into the dark living room. Cole scrambles after them, dodging the wild exchange of gunfire.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eight shots and Walker's automatic is empty, the hollow CLICKCLICKCLICK echoing across the kitchen. Head low as the third aide's gunfire RIDDLES the house, Walker dives through the living room door after McComb and Melissa--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--as McComb FORCES Melissa upstairs, taking them both out of range.

ANGLE - THIRD AIDE

Slamming a fresh clip into his gun, the THIRD AIDE moves to the arch leading into the living room, standing silhouetted in the kitchen light.

Still on his knees, Walker is DEFENSELESS. The Third Aide takes aim, his finger SQUEEZING the trigger--

--when a SHOT RINGS OUT from behind. The third aide STUMBLES FORWARD in a spray of blood-- revealing YOUNG WALKER behind him, firing in through a side window.

"YOUNG" WALKER
Melissa--!

"Old" Walker-- out of his younger self's line of sight-- RUNS FOR THE STAIRS.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Wind and rain WASH through the shattered second story window as McComb and Cole drag Melissa down the hallway. Reaching the second story window, they SPIN her around so she's facing outside.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Eyes wide with fear, "young" Walker stares up at the shattered second story window. Melissa is standing in the window frame, her face OBSCURED in the driving rain. EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED BEFORE.

"YOUNG" WALKER
Melissa!

Galvanized by the sight, "young" Walker RUNS toward the front door.

INT. WALKER HOUSE/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Walker REACHES THE TOP OF THE STAIRS and stops, frozen as McComb holds a gun against Melissa's temple. Breathless but still in control, McComb studies Walker from the shadows while he and Cole adjust their TIME CONTROLLERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOMB
This changes nothing. I'll come back as many times as it takes.

Eyes on Walker, McComb gingerly sets the satchel BOMB on the hallway floor. The digital timer reads -35 SECONDS.

MCCOMB
Either way, she'll die.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, MELISSA lashes out, FORCING McComb's arm to one side.

MELISSA
No!

In a bizarre replay of Atwood's arrest, Walker RUNS FILL TILT at McComb and Cole, scooping up the satchel bomb and RAMMING FULL FORCE INTO BOTH MEN. The impact carries all three through the shattered second story window--

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

--and onto the broken OVERHANG outside. As they tumble, Walker TRIGGERS McComb's controller, then his own.

They ROLL off the overhang, but instead of hitting hard ground, the house RISES UP AROUND THEM as first McComb and Walker, then Cole reenter the time stream. As they DISAPPEAR in a blur of BLUE LIGHTNING--

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

"Young" Walker rams his shoulder into the front door once--twice--

--and then it GIVES.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Racing upstairs, Walker finds Melissa on the floor beside the broken window. She's battered and scared, but ALIVE.

MELISSA
Max--

"Young" Walker kneels beside her, his face filling with RELIEF.

"YOUNG" WALKER
I found this in the car--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shows her "old" Walker's mall photograph, the word "killer" still scrawled across the image.

"YOUNG" WALKER
--and I knew I had to come back.

Melissa stares at the photo in wonder.

"YOUNG" WALKER
If anything had happened--
(emotional)
I don't know what I would have done without you.

Melissa looks out through the shattered second story window as the rain begins to STOP.

MELISSA
(quiet)
Maybe now you won't have to find out.

She puts her arms around Walker and holds him, her eyes still staring into the night--

CUT TO:

INT. TIME STREAM

"Old" Walker tumbles through the time stream, struggling to keep hold of McComb AND Cole. Furious, Walker RIPS McComb's controller away and HOLDS ON TO HIM with all his strength.

WALKER
This time you're staying with me.

Cole is operating under his own controller's "power", independent of the other two as the satchel bomb FLAILS between them. Spinning in the temporal maelstrom, the three men collide again and again--

--until, with a brutal kick, Cole LAUNCHES AWAY from Walker and McComb. Still "falling" through time at the same relative speed, he glares at Walker furiously.

COLE
You think it's over?
(beat)
I'm your future, cop--

Glaring through a veil of blood, Walker flashes a mean WOLF GRIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE
(doesn't get it)
You really think you can stop me?

Walker throws a glance at Cole's leg-- and the SATCHEL BOMB wrapped around his ankle.

WALKER
I don't "think" anything--

Eyes going WIDE, Cole looks down at the bomb--

ANGLE - BOMB'S DIGITAL READ-OUT

The counter ticks down -3, -2--

ANGLE - ALL THREE

Walker and McComb SLAM into an invisible time barrier, sliding back toward the "reality" of 2004, while Cole continues forward--

--and the bomb EXPLODES. Cole disintegrates in a shower of temporal debris as the force of the blast sends a SHOCKWAVE through the time stream--

INT. T.E.C. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

--spinning Walker and McComb into an EXPLOSIVE REENTRY inside the T.E.C. recovery room. Hitting hard inside the padded chamber, it takes Walker a moment to realize--

The mortar damage is GONE. There's no fighting. Everything SEEMS back to normal.

Sergeant Martinez rushes into the recovery room, STOPPING SHORT when he sees Walker's influential prisoner.

MARTINEZ
Oh boy.

Walker HOISTS McComb off the floor, taking a moment to register HIS surprise at seeing Martinez alive and well.

WALKER
Nice to see you too, Gene.
(intense)
What's on the board?

Martinez continues to STARE at McComb-- he knows the ramifications of this sort of "bust."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCOMB
Martinez is a smart man. He can see his future clear as day--

WALKER
Goddamn it, Gene!

"Seeing" Walker for the first time, Martinez WINCES at his battered face.

MARTINEZ
Th-- there's a minor ripple coming in from 1959.
(beat)
Christ, Max-- are you alright?

WALKER
(intense)
Do I look alright?

INT. T.E.C. CORRIDOR - DAY

BAM! Using McComb as a battering ram, Walker bangs through the recovery room doors and storms through the corridor outside. T.E.C. scientists and technicians gape in SHOCK and SURPRISE as Walker HAULS McComb through the facility.

For the first time, McComb's steely demeanor begins to CRACK. Walker's singleminded determination is FRIGHTENING in its intensity.

MCCOMB
It's different than when you left, isn't it?
(frantic)
This is what happens when you try to change time. Lines of confluence, probability scales-- one action reverberating across a billion others, each new action multiplying like the last--
(beat)
You have no idea of the ramifications--

His face hard as steel, Walker AIMS McComb for another set of double doors.

WALKER
Don't I?

INT. T.E.C. SECOND CORRIDOR - DAY

BAM! Walker SLAMS McComb through a SECOND SET of double doors they continue across the facility.

MCCOMB
If your wife hadn't died, you wouldn't what you are today. I wouldn't have been forced to go back and deal with you.
(beat)
But your wife's death is what created you. What came first?

Walker says nothing, but his expression BETRAYS his disquiet.

MCCOMB
This is bigger than one man. I've been chosen for a purpose--
(beat)
Don't you see? I've been touched by God.

Rounding a corner, Walker and McComb come on the elegant oak doors leading into the T.E.C. court chamber.

WALKER
Fifteen minutes and I'll have you two on a first name basis.

INT. T.E.C. TIME COURT - DAY

BAM! Walker SLAMS McComb threw the courtroom doors, dragging him toward the raised Judicial dais.

WALKER
I'm remanding this prisoner into custody.

Judge Marshall PEEKS over the dais, OFFENDED by Walker's arrogance-- then SURPRISED by his prisoner.

JUDGE MARSHALL
Senator McComb?

Walker tosses his sunglasses on Marshall's desk--

WALKER
Download it.

--then KNEELS over McComb, lifting the Senator's face for the Judge to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
He sent Atwood back to 1929. He killed Jack Parker. He tried to kill my wife.
(nodding toward glasses)
It's all there.

ANGLE - JUDGE'S BENCH

Judge Marshall finishes reviewing the download from Walker's computer specs and glances down at Walker.

JUDGE MARSHALL
Given the evidence, I can see no alternative but to pass sentence.
(to McComb)
Has the accused anything to say in his defense?

MCCOMB
Just one thing.
(beat)
Harvard. 1959.

Taken by surprise, Walker glances back at Martinez.

WALKER
'59--?
(beat)
Martinez-- that ripple--

Martinez looks down at a remote temporal screen.

MARTINEZ
Should be hitting us about--
(beat)
--now.

ANGLE - MARSHALL

SUDDENLY Marshall's chin TREMBLES with fear. A dribble of sweat trickles down his brow. In INSANE FAST MOTION, we ZOOM into Judge Marshall's trembling face, right into the whites of his terrified EYES--

FLASH/MARSHALL'S MIND

With a sonic boom CRACK of sound, we're propelled at impossible speed into the time stream, SPINNING BACK TO the reality of--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TITLE: HARVARD LAW SCHOOL, 1955

A YOUNG STUDENT studies alone inside a tiny, 1959-era DORM ROOM when suddenly, burly hands CLAMP over the young man's mouth.

SUIT
You're Marshall.

"Young" Marshall NODS fearfully. The Suit slides a gun from his coat pocket and PUSHES it into "young" Marshall's mouth, then holds out a PHOTO of Senator McComb.

SUIT
Remember this face--

The Suit PULLS THE TRIGGER on the gun. It CLICKS empty.

SUIT
--or next time it'll be loaded.

ANGLE - MARSHALL (2004)

PULL BACK OUT from Marshall's eyes, away from his TERRIFIED FACE and back into the courtroom proper.

JUDGE MARSHALL
(trembling)
Let him go.

WALKER
What?

JUDGE MARSHALL
I said let him go-- or I'll find you in contempt!

There's a NOISE at the back of the courtroom as the large doubledoors BURST OPEN-- and SENATOR AARON McCOMB steps inside.

SENATOR MCCOMB
Timing is everything.
(to other McComb)
I came as soon as I heard I was in the neighborhood.

ANGLE - TWO MCCOMBS

McComb #1 looks up with annoyance as his second self enters the courtroom.

MCCOMB
Everything's under control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SENATOR MCCOMB
(sarcastic)
So I see.
(beat)
Christ, you're a mess.

The first McComb, still RATTLED over his confrontation with Walker, brushes himself off and stands opposite "Senator" McComb.

MCCOMB
None of this would have been necessary if you'd done Walker right the first time.

SENATOR MCCOMB
You should have finished it when you did Parker.

MCCOMB
Are you saying this is my fault?

SENATOR MCCOMB
Take it any way you want.

Walker watches this bizarre argument through weary eyes. His wounds SEEPING through his torn clothing, he looks wearily at the Judge.

WALKER
This is wrong.

The two McCombs glances back at Walker, shaking their heads at his "poor sportsmanship."

MCCOMB
This is politics. You win some and you lose some.
(beat)
You lost.

The rage building inside him like a volcano, Walker LEAPS across the courtroom.

WALKER
NO!

With inhuman strength, Walker staggers between the McCombs and GRABS THEM, one with each hand. Judge Marshall RECOILS as he realizes what Walker's about to do.

JUDGE MARSHALL
Walker, don't--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALKER
(to the McCombs; an angry growl)
You're history.

With vicious deliberation, Walker PUSHES the two McCombs together!

ANGLE - TWO MCCOMBS

As they TOUCH, the two McCombs begin to BURN with blinding phosphorescent energy, like match heads touching and EXPLODING with flame.

Both McCombs SCREAM as Walker PRESSES THEM TOGETHER like phosphorus PLAYDOUGH. Within seconds, there are no longer two distinct McCombs, but only one twisted, pain-wracked AMALGAM.

The light BURNS brighter and brighter, until there is LITTLE ELSE-- then there is an EXPLOSION of IMPOSSIBLE ENERGY, a shockwave that SCINTILLATES through the inside of the courtroom like a NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

INT. TEC COURTROOM - DAY

The reverberations from the McComb "explosion" gradually DIE DOWN, like an echo fading across a canyon. Shaking off the effects of the blast, Walker slowly rises to his feet. His face is suddenly CLEAR. The bruises and cuts from his fight with *McComb's men are GONE.*

The T.E.C. courtroom is UNTOUCHED. Judge Marshall sits regally behind the raised dais, GLARING at Walker imperiously.

JUDGE MARSHALL
(annoyed)
Something I can-- do for you, Officer Walker?

Walker glances around the chamber, seeing his UNMARKED REFLECTION in a chrome window frame.

WALKER
(touching face)
My God.

JUDGE MARSHALL
I appreciate your religious sentiments, but the court has work to do.
(nodding toward door)
If you don't mind.

INT. T.E.C. CORRIDOR - DAY

Walker steps into the crowded corridor, moving SLOWLY, as if to keep his bearings. The hall is packed with T.E.C. personnel going about their daily duties. But something's DIFFERENT. Rather than eying Walker suspiciously, the officers and scientists greet him with unaccustomed FRIENDLINESS.

One of the officers comes up behind Walker, BUMPING him in his haste.

ATWOOD
(recognizing Walker)
Hey, Max. How's it going?

Walker is STUNNED to see Atwood alive.

WALKER
Lyle?

ATWOOD
(tapping watch)
Can't talk now-- I'm late again!

INT. T.E.C. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Walker pushes into the main squad room. All animosity seems to have DRAINED OUT of the T.E.C. officers. They greet Walker with friendly WAVES and NODS.

Passing Sergeant Martinez's office, Walker does a DOUBLE-TAKE when he sees the door. "Sergeant" Martinez is now CAPTAIN Martinez. As Walker watches, administrative Aide CHANEY runs into the squad room with two large boxes of pencils, PUSHING into Martinez's office.

CHANEY
(disappearing into *office*)
I got your pencils, Captain Martinez. Anything else you need, just ask.

Walker PAUSES next to one of the squad room computers. The McComb Datalink logo is GONE, replaced with the familiar Parker Graphics logo.

CUT TO:

EXT. T.E.C. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stepping into the bright sunshine, Walker looks across the street for the familiar "McComb For President" billboard, but it's NOT THERE. A political ad for SENATOR NELSON is in its place.

As he stares at the revamped billboard, a YOUNG FEMALE OFFICER jogs by, FREEZING when she spots Walker. Walker SQUINTS at the woman, his vision OBSCURED by the bright sunlight.

SARAH FIELDING
(careful)
Officer Walker?

Obviously in AWE of the older officer, Fielding timorously offers Walker her hand. STUNNED, Walker takes Fielding's hand.

FIELDING
I'm Sarah Fielding-- one of the new recruits.
(beat)
It's an honor to meet you. I-- I've studied your case files and I'd say you're the best cop on the squad.

Walker's response is automatically sarcastic--

WALKER
I'd say--

--but he CHECKS himself.

WALKER
I'd say I'm flattered.
(hesitant)
Maybe-- maybe we'll have a chance to work together one day.

Fielding GRINS BROADLY.

FIELDING
That'd be great.

Clearly JAZZED over this chance meeting, Fielding pushes into the T.E.C. station house. Walker watches her go, then starts down the steps toward the parking lot next door.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Walker settles into the driver's seat, checking the car's controls to make sure that at least THEY'RE the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Home.

The car's automatic guidance computer SNAPS ON, backing out of the parking lot and merging into traffic.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

The city really hasn't "changed," but for the first time in years Walker sees the GOOD THINGS as well as the bad. Mothers and Fathers with their kids. A man LAUGHING OUT LOUD at a joke.

As the squad car rolls by a convenience store, some young kids smile and WAVE. Walker raises his hand and gently WAVES BACK.

INT. CAR - DAY

His face gradually RELAXES as the soft purr of the engine and the warmth of the summer's day LULLS HIM to sleep.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

BANG! The squad car hits that same BIG POTHOLE, JARRING Walker from his sleep. He BLINKS as his car PASSES his dingy apartment complex.

WALKER
Home. I said home.

Walker spots Doris and Emmy in the crosswalk outside the apartment complex. He starts to wave, then stops-- Doris is wearing an uncharacteristic NURSE'S UNIFORM as she walks Emmy home from school.

The car's inboard computer BEEPS with each "home" command, but the map-board screen doesn't change. After a moment Walker lift his hands in dismay.

WALKER
Fine. Whatever.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

The car winds through a lush, suburban area of Washington. Rounding a corner, the car turns down a quiet cul-de-sac. Walker's eyes go wide as he recognizes the street.

EXT. WALKER HOME - DAY

He's outside his old house-- the home that was destroyed in 1995. The curtains are new, the lawn is a little greener, but otherwise it's the SAME PLACE.

As the squad car pulls up the drive, the front door of the house flies open and an eight year old BOY runs outside.

BOY
Dad!

ANGLE - WALKER

Walker steps from the car as the boy RUSHES to his side. His hand's trembling, Walker pulls the boy to him in a warm, emotional HUG.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

MELISSA comes out on the porch, RADIANT in the afternoon light.

BOY
(excited)
Dad's home early today!

Walker and the boy walk up the sidewalk.

MELISSA
He missed you today. I missed you.

Walker pulls Melissa close in a POWERFUL HUG.

WALKER
(tears in his eyes)
We're married. You're not supposed to miss me.

Melissa is surprised by the passion of the embrace.

MELISSA
Hey. Is something wrong?

WALKER
No. Everything's fine.
(beat)
The future looks great. It always has.

As they head inside, PAN UP to Melissa's now-completed BIRDHOUSE-- one last glorious symbol of Walker's NEW life.

FADE OUT